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THE BALLAD OF MADGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I sat with the crowd, and the music clashed
And clamored a merry tune.
Outside were the breezes and glorious stars,
And the slumberous heart of June,
And the dreams of the roses were rudely stirred
With the drum and the loud bassoon.

I remember the hoops with their myriad lights,
And the smell of the sawdust ring—
The painted clown with his hoarse, loud voice,
As he wearily tried to sing
A ballad gay of the "good old times
When we lived under the King."

Bear with me a little, friend. Ah, well!
I'm an old man now, and gray,
And I pray that God in his infinite love
Will call me to rest some day,
And put the cares of my lonely life
From my worn heart quite away.

You marvel I sought such riotous mirth,
But listen a little, my friend;
I hope that to you the pitiful God
Will never such bitterness send
As drove me there in a sorrowful search
I prayed each day might end.

The roll of the drums and the cymbals' crash
Were still'd for a moment's space,
And a woman came to the noisy ring
And joined in the headlong race,
And in all that crowd I only saw
That woman's smiling face.

High on the back of her flying steed,
In her shining robes of gold,
Kissing her hand to the shouting throng
With a grace I had praised of old—
The face of the "Queen of the Ring" I knew,
Smiling, yet overbold.

Was that the maiden I clasped and kissed,
The nestling I held so dear?
The lights were dim to my straining eyes,
And my heart was still with fear,
As she rode with her bad, bold grace, a thing
At which all men might jeer.

There were youth and bloom in the crowded tent,
Bosoms and brows of snow,
And tender eyes where the low replies
Of love would flit and flow;
But none so fair as the rider there
Had been in the long-ago.

For once, as pure as a sinless babe,
As bright as the golden day,
I took my heart from its hiding-place
At her delicate feet to lay.
True heart! true heart! But she broke it, friend,
The night she fled away.

I went to the East, I went to the West,
I sought her by far and near,
In by the mountains and out by the sea,
But never a word could hear,
Till there, in the midst of the laughing crowd,
I saw her, my dove, my dear.

Better by far that the turf had grown
On her breast in the churchyard gray,
Where the robins sing, and the rushes lean,
And the daisies come in May,
Than to find her here with her sin in view
Of her desperate heart alway.

The years leaped back with a sudden bound
To the sweet days we had known.
I never thought of the ruin wrought,
But I called in a loving tone:
"O Madge, my darling! the past is past!
Come back to your rest, mine own."

She never slackened her headlong speed,
But she heard th' impassioned call,
And her eyes met mine. God pity me!
A cry and an awful fall.
And Madge lay dead in the ghastly ring!
And that was the end of all. MRS. J. W. FOX.

IRENE:

THE

SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "PRIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE" "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM DESPAIR TO DEATH.

The rapidity with which Irene had been rescued, lifted into the carriage and carried away, so completely unnerved and bewildered her for the time that she sank back among the soft cushions, buried her face in her hands, and endeavored to still the sinful beating of her heart and think coherently. She was more crushed and appalled by the base insinuations that had been cast upon her character than from any fear of personal malice. Against the first she saw no means of defense; against the latter, her hands would not have been idle; and the one who thought her an easy conquest might have found a tigress. With startling rapidity, even to herself, all the events of the last hour passed before her as the scenes of a vivid panorama. Then, as her blood somewhat cooled and she could more calmly reason, the present arose. Where was she being carried? Who was the man who had rescued her? What was his purpose? Had she not escaped from a known danger to fall into a deeper and more to be dreaded one?

She glanced from beneath the hands still pressed over her eyes, but could see little. Now and then, as some gas-lamp was passed, she obtained a faint, rapid glimpse of his face, and saw that she was young, and that his dress betokened wealth. But those things were not accurate means of judging. She knew enough of life to be aware that the livery of Satan is not always repulsive—very far from it; that hoofs and horns were an old gossips' fable; that he never goes about as a roaring lion, but comes smooth-tongued and insinuating and attractive. She waited undecided, unknowing how to act, what to do—waited for the man to break the silence, and being carried she knew not where. True, at the first she did not think of this; but as it crept into her mind she became very uneasy, and was about to break the silence when her companion anticipated her with:

"Lady, you may think my proceeding a very strange one, but I have the best of reasons for acting as I have done; and, when you know them, I feel certain of your pardon."

"Lady?" answered Irene, dropping her hands from her eyes, partially reassured by the singularly sweet voice and the cultivated and gentlemanly address. "Lady? Then you do not know me?"

"I have not that pleasure," and he bowed gracefully.

"Yet you came to my rescue?"

"As I would have done to any of your sex under the same circumstances; and I am very happy that I was able to save you from the hands of a scoundrel. The story is brief. I was riding along, heard your screams for assistance, and happened in good time to give it."

"But why," she questioned, "did you so swiftly carry me away?"

"I fear," he answered with a smile, "that you are very innocent as to life in this great Sodom of a city. Had I remained for even a brief space of time I should have been set upon and beaten, perhaps not even escaped with life—while you? I shudder to think of it. The class of men who assault unprotected females are infamous cowards—never travel alone, hunt in packs like wolves, and are always near to help one another. As it may be, there is still a possibility of our being followed, though I scarcely think it will be the case. Our speed has been too great for that."

"How very, very much I have to thank you for!" exclaimed Irene, beaming with gratitude—"thank you for more than life."

"It was very little. No man—no true man, I mean—would have hesitated a moment."

"And yet you are an entire stranger."

"That does not alter the case in the least. Woman is entitled to protection under all circumstances. She cannot sink so low in the scale of humanity as to do away with the obligation, even though she may severely strain the bond. In this some may think me Quixotic, but it is my firm belief."

She would have given very much to have been able to watch the expression of his face. But that was denied, and she could only judge of his sincerity by the tones of his voice—one, as she had at the first remarked, more musical and tender than any she had before heard. She did not answer—knew not how to do so, knew not what he might think of her. And he continued, though more as if speaking to himself than for the ear of any hearer:

"'Tis human guilt that blackens in the cloud,
Flashes athwart its mass in jagged fire,
Whirls in the hurricane, pollutes the air,
Turns all the joyous melodies of earth
To murmurings of doom."

"You are an actor!" she exclaimed, almost joyously.

"No; simply a dreamer, an enthusiast. I love the drama. It is a great school for good, and ——"

"You have been upon the boards?" she interrupted.

"Never."

The words were uttered in a tone of sorrow; and, as if to do away with any wrong impression he might have conveyed, he quickly continued:

"I have from boyhood been a student of Shakespeare—perhaps am better fitted to strut and fret my little hour than the majority that go upon the stage, but there are the most inflexible reasons why I shall never do so. But, pardon me, this is idle, egotistical, and I am bearing you away from home and friends. Such was, is not, my purpose."

His words recalled her to her at least questionable situation, riding alone and with a stranger at so late an hour; and at the moment she also became aware that they had passed from the stone pavement to an earth road—had passed from the city limits into the country—and with a little start she asked:

"Where are you taking me, sir?"

"Well thought of," he returned as one awaking from a dream. "It is a question that should have been answered long since. To be plain, I had no definite purpose. I rescued you under the natural impulse of my heart, placed you in the carriage to make sure you would escape, and—well—the time has passed, and I have not given the ending a thought."

"But now it is forced upon us, sir. My friends will be very, be exceedingly, anxious about me."

"And naturally so. I will order the coachman to at once return to the city. You will pardon my thoughtlessness, please. But we are not so far that an hour will not take us back to the starting-point. I know our present locality. We are near the railroad-crossing."

That fact immediately became apparent to Irene. At but a little distance she saw the blazing of a headlight and heard the rumbling of wheels and puffing and hissing of steam and ringing of bell and screaming of whistle. Had that been all, it would have been of little moment. But it was not. Almost instantly she became aware that the carriage was being whirled along at a greatly increased and dangerous speed, and, from the jerking caused by the plunging of the horses, knew that the driver was trying but in vain to restrain them.

"The horses are running away!" she exclaimed, and her voice quivered with terror.

"I fear it is the case," her companion answered coolly, as he lowered the window and looked out.

They were dashing along at a terrible speed—the horses were running at a mad rate—had become completely unmanageable; and, with the impulse of doing something for safety, Irene would have opened the door, leaped out, and been beaten to a lifeless mass upon the hard ground had not her companion restrained her.

"Pardon me," he said in a still musical though deeper and firmer voice, as he wound his arm around her waist, and drew her back to a seat beside him—"pardon the liberty, but it is your only salvation. To attempt to get out would be madness. No one could hope to survive such a rash act. The coachman is cool and skillful, will soon, I think, gain the mastery of the alarmed horses, and as long as the carriage is not overturned we are in no immediate danger."

"It is terrible," she murmured, "to sit thus idle and feel that death may come to us with the very next breath. Terrible!"

"Death?" he answered, holding her still more strongly as her struggles, from modesty and fear, had increased, and breathing into her ear in a tone that thrilled her to the very soul: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills
That look eternal; of the flowing streams
That lucid flow forever; of the stars
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory. All were dumb; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish."

It was the first personal reference he had made to her. Did he realize what he was saying? Did he intend the meaning conveyed in the last sentence, or was it simply the rounding-off of the quotation? Even at the moment when death seemed so very near, such thoughts flashed with lightning rapidity through her brain, and for the first time (so gentlemanly and courteous and tender had been his care) she imagined there might be a deeper and less honest motive in his taking her away than she imagined—that he had been playing saint to the better accomplish villainy.

But little time was given for reflection. Even while thus thinking there was a sudden swerving and crash of the carriage, and then all was darkness and insensibility.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SAFE HARBOR

"Will she live?"

As one in a trance the whispered words came to the ears of Irene. She seemed to feel rather to hear them—seemed as if living a new and spiritual life—as if nothing of body remained—as if she were floating around in space as viewless and intangible as the air. And yet she knew every word that was uttered as clearly as if still in the flesh. There was nothing of pain—nothing (as it seemed) of materiality remaining. Or (and the idea grew until it became almost a reality) were they talking of another, and she, "having put on the raiment of angels," hovering about the bedside of some human sufferer?

"Will she live, doctor?"

The question had remained unanswered, and was repeated a second time.

"Unless there are internal injuries of which as yet nothing can be told. The shock was terrible—the nervous system is entirely prostrated, numbed—and until a reaction occurs little can be done."

Were they talking of her? What shock? She remembered nothing. Had she any nerves, any sensibility? It could not be. What would a spirit do with nerves? They belonged to earthy matter, to substance, not shadows. No, it could not be; and so she lay with closed eyes and listened, little dreaming of the anxious faces gathered around her bedside—little that she, poor child, was the subject of such earnest discussion.

Yet so it was. Never could there have been a more complete wreck of a carriage. The maddened horses had dashed on at the most furious speed—the driver had been thrown from the box and instantly killed—then they had swerved from the centre of the level, graded road—had crashed into a large pile of stone gathered for the foundation of a building, and one lay lifeless, and the other, with broken limbs, piled above him, to suffer untold agony until released by a friendly bullet.

From the confused mass of kindling-wood and broken iron that had once been a costly carriage two limp forms were dragged, carried to a neighboring druggist's, and then, as the man was known, transported to his home, or rather to that of his mother. And there, in a darkened room, lay the fate-driven Irene, dreaming of immortality, with nothing of the pain the dull flesh would feel when the shock she had received was past and the various functions of the body resumed their play.

"But, doctor," continued the speaker, "one of her limbs is broken."

"Yes; but that is nothing—is simply a confinement of a few weeks. That is all splintered, and doing well enough. But she will suffer, poor child, when the reaction comes, and you must keep her as quiet as you can. I will call in again after breakfast. A remarkably beautiful young lady, Mrs. Ashton; and you do not know her?"

"I never saw her before, doctor, and Charles is not in a situation to give me any information. Poor, dear fellow, he too was terribly shaken, and his broken arm pains him very much."

"Nothing to what it will do when the bones commence to knit. To my mind that is worse than compound, concentrated, double-distilled toothache," and with that professional shot he departed.

Who had an arm broken? Who was "Charles?" Certainly they were myths to Irene, and she lay thinking of them when feeling began to creep back, and the dreamy spiritual was banished in the fearful pain of the actual and material.

She opened her eyes as a sharp spasm shook her very soul, and a faint groan escaped her bloodless lips. A woman was instantly at her side, and smoothed the damp and disordered hair from her forehead, and whispered words of comfort and quietness, and beneath the soft, mesmeric, motherly touches of hands Irene felt a grateful sense of relief. And not then, for her frame was too much shaken to note particulars, but later she had imprinted upon memory, in lights and shadows as strong as those produced by the sun, the picture of the tender-hearted nurse, the mother of her savior, Charles Lee Ashton.

Alice Ashton—"Aunt Alice," as she was called alike by the aged and young, by almost strangers as well as relatives—was a widow of many years, and nothing of former trials and suffering and sorrows was revealed in her placid face. Her years numbered about a trifle less than fifty; her yet plentiful hair was fine and soft as silk, though bleached to the peculiar whiteness of frosted silver; her blue-gray eyes had lost little of brightness or expression; her form was still round, and her cheeks plump and rosy; her voice was even soft and low, and her manner gentle. In youth she must have been more than ordinarily handsome, and traces of beauty yet remained. At peace with all the world and beloved by it, with a well-secured income ample for all needs and numerous charities, she was gliding tranquilly down the years, making an almost idol of her son, her sole surviving child, attending to everything for his comfort, and hoping to see him happily mated before the summons came to join him whom she had loved in her youth, to whom her heart was wedded forever—with whom she believed she would be a companion through an eternity of years. If she had not drunk at the fountain whose waters give unfading youth, she had at least learned the rare secret of gracefully growing old, of disarming envy, and turning those who of choice would have been enemies into friends.

"Lie still, my dear child," she whispered in the most soothing of voices. "Though I should be the last one to say so, yet you are in good hands, and nothing will be left undone for your comfort."

"Where am I? Who are you? I—do—do not comprehend."

"And it is but very little I can tell you. My son also was severely injured in the terrible accident, and the poor coachman killed."

"Your son? The coachman? Ah! it all comes back to me as vividly as lightning at midnight. I see it now. Horror! The horses frightened, running away—the carriage hurled upon stones and dashed into a thousand fragments—and your—your son," questioningly, "trying to save my poor life at the risk of his own?"

"It was just like my good and noble boy!" answered the fond mother, with eyes flooded with tears. "But, my child, you must not thus excite yourself. You must be aware that you have a broken limb, and the doctor has especially commanded quiet."

"A broken limb? Ah!"

It was the first painful realization Irene had of such a calamity. But the slightest attempt at movement was sufficient confirmation of it to induce a second venture. Yet the knowledge of how powerless she was, how completely at the mercy of others, caused the tears to start and flow in a plenteous stream.

"Do not weep, my dear," said Mrs. Ashton. "Accidents come to all, and from birth to death we are dependent upon others."

"It was not of that I was thinking," was answered slowly and painfully. "With youth and health and a vigorous constitution, I shall soon be well again. But until then I am powerless, and cannot but think of my situation in your house, a stranger, and ——"

"Don't let that worry you in the least," said Mrs. Ashton kindly. "Heaven has blessed me with plenty of this world's goods; and as to you being a stranger, it is not of the slightest importance. The simple fact of you being in the carriage with my son is sufficient endorsement."

"But you do not know how I happened to be there—that I ——"

"You *must* cease talking. When the proper time arrives the explanation will come with it. Until then I rest contented with the assurance that my Charles would not have been by your side had it not been perfectly and entirely proper for him so to be."

It was the sublime faith of motherhood, and, reduced to silence by it upon that point, Irene essayed another, and asked:

"Your son, Mrs. ——"

"You may call me 'Aunt Alice,' as do the rest of the world," suggested the widow, with so sweet and winning a smile that the craving and lonely heart of the girl was instantly captivated.

"Your son, Mrs.—Aunt Alice," with a little ripple of laughter, despite pain and anxiety, "is he very, very much injured?"

"A broken arm is the worst, my dear."

"Heaven be praised!"

"Amen," most reverently. "Yes; the praise is due to Heaven from both of you for lives preserved."

"And," questioned Irene eagerly, "has he spoken of—told of me?"

"Very little."

Irene endeavored to recall the conversation in the carriage—to reflect if indeed he could have told anything concerning her situation in life. But had her life depended upon it she could not have done so. It was all a blank—as little a part of the record of memory as if it had never transpired.

"Very little?" she asked again. "Then he did say something."

"Yes; that he had found you in a position of danger, been fortunate enough to rescue you, and was taking you to your own home when the terrible accident happened. But I must insist that you talk no longer. It might produce fever—a thing to be entirely guarded against in your present situation. Trust me, my child, as I trust you, and all will be well."

"Permit me one more question."

"Not another until to-morrow. Then it may be—I do not promise certainly—you may talk to your heart's content. Drink this, my child. It is a sedative left by the doctor, and will do you good—will quiet and put you to sleep."

"Thanks, Mrs. ——"

"Aunt Alice, my dear."

"Thanks, Aunt Alice."

There was a mutual smile upon their lips, and they met in such a kiss as Irene had not known since those of a mother, now in heaven, had left an almost holy impress upon her own.

A slumber of hours followed, and she awoke much tranquillized, and, save for the broken limb and a few bruises, she had escaped the accident that had bid fair to be fatal to both herself and her companion. And almost her first thought was of and her first inquiry for him. He was much better than had been anticipated, and hoped to soon be able to visit and congratulate her upon their fortunate escape.

Then the mind of Irene naturally turned to her kind friends Canvas Joe and his buxom wife. She felt they must be very anxious, and at her request Aunt Alice wrote a note and prepared to send it to the mail.

"It is doubtful," said Irene, "if they ever go to the post-office. Direct it, please, to the theatre, and send it by some messenger. Then it will be certain to reach them."

Mrs. Ashton looked at her quickly and sharply when the name of the theatre was mentioned, and her cheeks and brow slightly flushed. But she made no comment, and, having directed the note as desired, went from the room, saying:

"Our poor coachman having been killed, I have no one by whom I can send this. Yet it is no matter. I have no doubt I shall be able to find some boy who will take it."

The first part of the proposition was speedily accomplished—the last would never be fulfilled in the way desired. The money received for the promised errand was speedily invested in marbles and candy, and, to guard against the possibility of the writing falling into any hands for which it was not intended, the urchin tore the paper into minute fragments, chewed it into a ball, threw it at the head of a passing organ-grinder, to see it caught and devoured by the monkey. That done, he fancied himself relieved from all responsibility, and Joe and his dame were left entirely in the dark as to the fate of their pet, and to days and nights of fearful suspense and mental agony.

With her mind at ease upon that point (how different it would have been had she known the truth), Irene speedily became tranquil upon others. Indeed, she could not but be so under the gentle ministrations of "Aunt Alice," and in a much shorter time than was anticipated she was comfortable enough to receive a call from her preserver—he to visit her—and for the first time they met face to face without anxiety, without the curtaining of darkness. "My son Charles" was the simple introduction of the mother, and she was about to leave them alone.

"Please sit down," requested Irene. "I am strong enough now to tell what I feel you should hear."

"As you please, my dear," and she withdrew to a little distance, and took her place in an easy-chair.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATION FOR CONQUEST.

The story of Irene was told concisely, truthfully, and without glossing or concealment. Neither mother nor son answered her inquiring eyes, but looked as if each desired the other to do so. And it was Aunt Alice who first broke the silence.

"There is nothing in the least criminal, my dear, in what you have done, though for a female I prefer a different walk in life, and the more especially for one young and unmarried. Yes, my son, I know what you would say—that such things are a matter of taste. That we will not discuss. In fact, it would be useless, knowing as I do your predilections for the stage. But there is one thing, my dear," to Irene, "of which you may be certain. It is that you are perfectly welcome to remain under this roof, and that you will receive the same attention as if you were my daughter, until such time as you have fully recovered from your late injury."

"And that will be?" questioned Irene.

"At least three months. The doctor says that, although you may be able to get about, you will not be able to exert yourself until the end of that time."

"Three months!" sighed Irene. "So long?"

"Let us hope we may be able to make the days pass pleasantly and profitably to you, my child. But I must leave you now to the care of my son. I have no doubt he will be able to entertain you better than his old mother can do. Yet, should you need me, a tap upon this bell is all that will be necessary."

There was a somewhat constrained silence for a few minutes. Then Irene flashed her brilliant eyes upon Charles Ashton, and, while the color came to her cheeks, and there was an almost visible fluttering of her heart, she extended her hand to him, and said in a voice musical for very gratitude:

"I know not how I shall ever be able to thank, much less repay, you for a life twice preserved, and the care and tenderness received in this house," and, carried away by her feelings, tears choked her utterance.

"There is no need," he answered, with his own eyes misty. "I should have been less than man had I done otherwise than I did in the first instance, and in the second I am entitled to no credit, not the least. As for the hospitality of this house, it is freely given to all of God's suffering children, and my dear mother is not one of those who 'melt in acid sect the Christian pearl of charity;'" and, as if he did not wish to dwell upon the subject of gratitude, he continued rapidly: "Allow me, Miss Irene, to congratulate you upon your remarkable convalescence."

"And yet," she sighed, "it will be many weeks before I can call myself well again."

"Sufficiently to resume your profession?" he questioned.

"Far from it. I shall never again appear in that role."

"Then you intend to abandon the stage? Is that what I am to understand?"

"My purpose is as yet scarcely plain to myself."

"Ah!" and hi face lightened. "You have ambition in another direction— higher ambition than even to be 'Queen of the Ballet?'"

BEN DE BAR, Actor and Manager.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

"Yes;" and she colored under his burning gaze. "Yes, to acknowledge the truth, the secret wish of my heart has long been to become an actress."

"And the rival of Siddons in Lady Macbeth, of Fanny Kemble in Juliet, and our own Cushman—I need not say Charlotte, for there has been only one, and never will be another—in Meg Merrilies, not to mention more exalted parts."

"Hardly as lofty a flight as that," she answered with a smile.

"It is a grand, a noble, an entrancing profession," he continued. "Of the first I have named, one of your own sex has eloquently written: 'Her whole soul looked out from her regal brow and effulgent eyes; and then her countenance! the inconceivable flexibility of musical intonations of her voice! There was no got-up illusion here; no scenes, no trickery of the stage; there needed no sceptered pall, no sweeping train, nor any of the gorgeous accompaniments of tragedy. SHE was tragedy!'"

"You are an enthusiast," she replied, though at a loss for fitting words.

"Yes; I must admit the charge. It has been my beau-ideal of perfection in womanhood."

"And in man?"

"It would have been my chosen profession—to it I should have devoted my life and the talents I possessed, had it not been directly and decidedly against the wishes of my dear mother. I am an only child, the sole remnant of quite a large family. She lives but for me, and I would be an ingrate indeed did I not for her."

"And yet she is lenient towards others."

"Entirely so. Her antipathy to the stage extends not beyond her own child."

"It is strange."

"Very, and I have no means of accounting for it. But my respect is the same."

"And you are to be honored for it. Yet you are strikingly fitted to adorn the profession."

"In some respects, at least in figure, study and voice. But whether I should have succeeded is an open question. Something very much more is required than what I have named."

"With your exalted ideas there would have been very few with daring enough to assume the responsibility."

"There we differ. You know," with a smile, "the old and true adage that 'fools rush in where wise men fear to tread.' There must of necessity be those who play minor parts—play 'the clowns,' as my lord Hamlet says. But it is not of such I am speaking. A parrot can be taught to repeat by note, but it must be a man gifted beyond his fellows and inspired by genius who makes a great actor."

"Then farewell to all my dreams of greatness."

"Not so," he answered quickly and earnestly. "I judge you very differently, and I think I cannot be mistaken."

"But," she interrupted, almost sadly, "you have had no opportunity for so doing."

"Very much better ones than you are aware of. Extreme gracefulness, the rarest mobility of features, expressive pantomime, and—pardon me if I say that which might be tortured into the compliments of a brainless gallant—a thing I despise—the most beautiful form and face go very far towards success."

"Have you ever seen me upon the stage?" she almost gasped.

"Every night since your debut," was the quiet response. "Indeed, to that is owing my having been at hand to rescue you from the power of a villain."

"And yet you did not know me?" was questioned in surprise.

"That is not strange, when you consider the whirl of excitement and the darkness."

"True. But when you came to see me face to face?"

"I was haunted by a memory I could not make tangible. But the instant you commenced your story it was all plain, and I more than ever blessed Heaven that I had been the means of saving you."

"Why?" she questioned archly.

"Because, Irene—pardon me for the familiarity, but I know no other name—I knew you as one gifted beyond the majority of your sex—saw one dowered by nature beyond the boast of those to whom the world willingly bows the knee in adoration."

"What am I to think of flattery now?"

"Think as you will. The future will teach you that my words are ever truthful—that if I speak strongly it is from the heart—that I

"'Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.'"

"Your mind is a perfect storehouse of quotations," she said deftly, turning the subject, which was causing her cheeks to burn in a manner scarcely pleasant; for never before had she been under the fire of such earnest and evidently admiring eyes—never tete-a-tete with so handsome and a brilliant man—never so much placed where her heart was going out in gratitude.

"Yes," he responded with a laugh that revealed white and regular teeth from beneath the dark and luxuriant moustache—"yes. I have lived very much among books.

"'And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew!'

But to be serious. I find my mind retaining and drifting into what I have read, and it has become a somewhat questionable habit to use the thoughts of another in place of my own."

"Showing you have a most retentive memory."

"I cannot truthfully find fault with nature in that respect. And that reminds me to return to the subject under discussion—your becoming an actress. You undoubtedly possess ability, the germs of future triumph; but I should be false to the interest I have avowed did I not warn you that the path is one not entirely strewn with roses—that it requires hard study, hard work, constant application."

"My own life has taught me that lesson. If you will remember what it has been, that almost from the cradle I have been trained in a similar one, you will see that I shall not enter upon it, if at all, as a novice."

The entrance of Mrs. Ashton interrupted the conversation. But it was renewed a few days later, and, though without any definite decision, yet in his daily visits, in the evenings spent in company with his mother by the bedside of the invalid, Charles Ashton enlarged upon the theme. And he read from the grand old masters of human passions with great purity of expression and singularly beautiful intonation and eloquence. Had he been upon the stage, other things combining, he would have stood at the head of his profession. Had he appeared before the public as a reader, he would have been without an equal.

The effect of this upon the mind and flexible organization of Irene was soon apparent. She lived a new life among the creations of Shakespeare—stood entranced upon the borders of an unknown realm of poesy she had little knowledge of before—thrilled with desire to take the place of the ideal heroines, and win the applause of the world. And, without realizing the fact, they drifted into the positions of master and pupil—she only too willing to learn, he only too glad to teach, and his subtle and clear analysis giving her a better conception of character than it would have been possible for her to have gained under other circumstances.

To one interested in such things their discussions would have been a rare treat, spiced as it was with quotations. And as they grew more familiar, as Irene lost timidness and came to read her portion of the text as if in reality upon the mimic stage, to throw into such parts as Portia, Constance, Katharine of Arragon and others of the lesser drama the full scope of her rapidly maturing powers, she held even good "Aunt Alice" spellbound, and astonished her son at the fervent delineation of the varied passions, hopes and fears that at times o'ermaster the human soul.

These discussions and readings fixed the future of Irene. She could scarcely restrain her new-found wings—scarcely wait until shattered nature had sufficiently recovered to enable her to endure physical fatigue. And it was in vain Aunt Alice chided and warned. All of the day and much of the night were devoted to study; to acquiring fluency of speech, accent and intonation; to mastering the niceties of inflexion and fully comprehending the subtle shades of character and colorings of passion, until even a blind man could have decided at the first word which was the merchant and which the Jew.

Yet the days slipped past as golden sands. She was very fond of the praise of her teacher, and there was an undercurrent working that gave a rosy tint to the sky.

Her profession decided upon, both teacher and pupil became far more in earnest than before—devoted all possible time to it—were constantly together, and the progress of Irene was proportionate. Even Aunt Alice appeared to have banished all scruples, became interested as for a daughter, and promised that the means for dress should not be wanting.

"When I was a girl," she said, "I used to attend such places, though," with a sigh as if something still lay heavy upon her heart, "of late years I have refrained from so doing. Consequently I know the value of a good wardrobe."

Charles Ashton smiled approvingly upon the generosity of his mother, and quoted, as was his wont:

"Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorned adorned the most."

The impulsive Irene threw her arms about the neck of the good woman, drew her down, and kissed her again and again, while the son turned his head away, and muttered something about "sour grapes!" But he instantly rallied and remarked:

"And now, what is the character to be in which you are first to appear behind the footlights and dazzle the audience with your grace, beauty and knowledge of the histrionic art?"

"That," answered Irene, "I must leave entirely to yourself. Your judgment in the matter will be all-important."

"There is very much in a first appearance—more than is generally taken into consideration. Besides, the pulse of the public must be felt—the sapient critics 'seen;' the sympathies of the actors—I include both sexes in the term—must be enlisted, and that terrible fellow the manager persuaded 'to roar as gently as a sucking dove.'"

"Portia?" suggested Irene.

"Too ambitious for the first night," he answered, shaking his head. "It is better, my little girl, to climb the ladder slowly than to be hurled from the topmost round."

"Juliet?"

"Every Romeo would be certain to fall in love with you, and, but one being possible, I fear there would be too much demand for the poison of the apothecary; and you know there is a 'canon gainst self-slaughter,'" he laughed.

"Aspasia?"

"Too much of horror. I had about as soon you should choose that most improbable and repulsive character, Lucretia Borgia. It must be something that will attract, not repel, the audience—will make them *en rapport* with yourself."

"Will you not please suggest?"

"There is one combining power, sweetness and passion—one always a favorite—that ——"

"You mean 'The Lady of Lyons?'" she interrupted quickly.

"Yes; and you will be every inch a Pauline."

"And will you not for once appear upon the boards, and be the Claude."

He glanced around, saw that his mother had left the room, that they were alone, drew nearer to her bedside, imprisoned a little hand, and whispered in tones thrilling with love:

"I will, if you will permit me, darling, to be more than even a Claude to you all the days of my life."

He waited for no answer, but, touching her rosy forehead with his lips, turned and hastily left the room. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SICILIAN ATHLETE AND THE LION.

Some time ago, in Tunis, a Sicilian athlete of Rinaldo's Circus excited general admiration by his manly beauty and feats of strength. He was in the habit of overcoming a lion during the performance, which, however, was trained to succumb. The Bey of Tunis, hearing of this, sent him an offer of a thousand ducats if he would kill a lion which he possessed. The proposal was accepted, and, on the day appointed, the Bey and a large company gathered round the pit where the lion was kept. The beast had been three days without food, and was furious. The iron door of the pit opened, but, instead of the athlete, a trembling dog was thrown forward, which timidly took refuge in a corner. The lion, who was at a distance, turned in surprise at the humble intruder. His tail ceased to lash his sides, his roars ceased, and he sat, with paws extended, contemplating his victim. Propelling himself forward upon his belly, he finally made a spring. The dog, however, who had watched him with a vigilant eye, sprang in the opposite direction. The lion seemed astonished at missing his prey, but, after rolling over a few times, made another jump, which was also avoided. Pity for the dog induced the Bey to order a cord to be lowered for him, and, while the lion was gyrating preparatory to a renewed spring, the dog intelligently seized the cord with his teeth, and was drawn up. As he ascended, the lion sprang again, but was too late. At this moment the Sicilian appeared, calm and fearless. He was in a rich circus costume, and carried a heavy mace. He took his position in the same corner previously occupied by the dog. At first the lion did not perceive him; but, on turning, his eyes expressed a vague inquietude. He slowly withdrew a few steps, watching his enemy with a furtive and sidelong glance. The Sicilian, on the contrary, looked straight in his eye, and watched every movement. The lion evidently had misgivings; but, impelled by hunger, sprang upon the man with a terrible roar. The Sicilian slipped aside with agility, and before the paws of the lion touched the ground a violent blow from the mace upon the head laid him insensible. The mace was raised for the death-blow, when the Bey interposed. He offered the man another thousand for the life of the beast. It was accepted, and the lion was allowed to recover.

GIPSY VOCALISTS IN MOSCOW.—An amusing anecdote is told of Mlle. Heilbronn during her late engagement at Moscow. One day she had the curiosity to go and hear some famous gipsy singers who were giving their entertainment in a restaurant—a sort of Winter garden—outside the city, and which was frequented by the best society. She was accompanied by Mme. Milioutine, Tarnowski, Waltz, Senor Corsi, and the baritone Strozzi. The Bohemians sang, accompanying themselves on seven-stringed guitars. The prima donna was greatly delighted, asked to have some of the pieces repeated, and finally went and kissed the principal vocalist. "Who is that lady?" asked the latter of M. Tarnowski. "It is Mlle. Heilbronn, the star of the Italian opera." "We have often heard of her," returned the gipsy, "but unfortunately we cannot go to hear her, as we have to perform here every evening. Ask her to sing us something. She looks amiable and good-natured, and I am sure she will consent." Mlle. Heilbronn acceded to the wish, and, sitting down to the piano, gave in French the song of Margotin, by Lulli. The effect on the gipsies was indescribable; they were all ears, and appeared not only to understand the music, but the sense of the words. Mlle. Heilbronn sang again, and received quite an ovation. The two Italian singers followed the example of the diva, and the evening, which had commenced with the simple airs of the gipsies, ended by becoming a real concert given by the three artists of the Italian opera.

TO "WEETAH."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY C. L. E.

Do you still remember, "Weetah,"
The Summer-time of old,
The murmuring, soft-breathed Summer,
As it silent o'er us rolled,
When you used to nestle, sweetheart,
By my side to hear me tell
O'er the glowing golden story
That you used to love so well?

When the earth seemed clad in beauty
Like a garden gemm'd and fair,
And a mellow, gleaming glory
Tinted o'er the perfumed air,
When the song-birds shed their music
All about us in their glee,
And a rest like that of heaven
Came upon the earth to me?

Do you still remember, darling?
Do you ever fondly dream
Of the fairy land I pictured
Sailing down love's crystal stream?
Of the glow that, like a halo,
Lit the jeweled laden shore,
Where we plucked the red rose blossoms
In that Summer-time of yore?

When the twilight shadows gather,
As the daylight fades away,
And the even's spectres hover,
In their sad, uncertain play,
Do you ever scan the pathway
Of the buried, faded years,
When you rested on my bosom,
And I kissed away your tears?

Do you ever in your fancy
Hear my tread upon the stair?
Do the old songs ever echo
In your seeming on the air?
Do you ever feel the pressure
Of my lips upon your own,
As you used to feel it, sweetheart,
In that golden Summer-time?

Time has fled since then, my darling,
Fled away on saddened wings,
And your hope and joy have withered
Like the buds of vanished springs;
Yet I hear the old-time music,
And I ever seem to feel
Thrillings of that gone-by Summer,
Through my pulses softly steal.

Cincinnati, O., April 14.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY BARRY CROTON.

I think he was the Champion Iron-rod Twister, I am a little in doubt as to the precise line of his business, but I know he was the champion something, and from his frequent reference to iron bars I fancy they must have played an important part in his profession. He said to me, leaning against the bar and reaching out occasionally for a piece of the dried herring which served as a lunch:

"So you never seen me act?"

"No," I answered. "I never have had that pleasure."

"There aint nobody as can come anywheres near me in my business," he remarked quietly. "I'm the only genuine artist what ever handled iron bars."

"Indeed?" said I appreciatively.

"Yes," he continued. "When I was a-playing with Colville in Chicago I bent a three-quarter of an inch bar on my bare arm. There never was but one other fellow as ever tried that feat."

"And did he accomplish it?" I asked.

The champion eyed me almost sadly, I fancied, and then replied:

"Not much. He broke his arm!"

I expressed sympathy for the unfortunate gentleman, and renewed admiration for my friend the champion. Then he continued:

"The biggest thing I ever done was when Dan Salem throwed out a challenge for five thousand dollars that he could lay over any man a-bending iron rods in the world. D'ye happen to know Dan Salem?"

I didn't happen to know him.

"Well, don't get acquainted with him, then," observed the champion. "He's the worst snide you ever seen. A regular ham—a guy—a mushroom. He never seen five thousand dollars in his life. Wouldn't know how to count it if he had it; and yet he goes and puts a challenge into the paper, and of course I has to take him up. It injured my reputation as an artist to have anything to do with such a galoot; but, as he was keeping of himself afore the public, I felt it my duty to the profession to show him up. Well, I covered his two hundred and fifty dollars which he had put up along with his challenge—he borrowed the money from his father-in-law—and then we arranged for the exhibition. It came off at San Francisco, at Bascom's Varieties. Never was such a house seen in the theatre afore. Jammed clean to the doors, and hundreds turned away."

"Was this Dan Salem so popular in San Francisco?" I ventured to inquire.

Again the champion eyed me sadly, and, reaching over for another piece of herring, replied:

"It was *me* what drawed the house!"

"Oh," I said apologetically.

"Yes, the people in 'Frisco knew me, and so they all turned out. Ned Booth was a-playing in the city at the same time, but he didn't have two hundred dollars in the house that night. All the distinguished residents of the city was there at Bascom's. The committee to decide which was the best

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

WAFFINGER.—The two hulls of the "catamaran" Amaryllis, the double-boat which created such an excitement among yachtsmen when she appeared in New York Bay last Summer, are exactly alike—24ft. 10in. extreme length, and about 7. 2½in. 6in. on the water-line, 20in. in the widest part, and 18in. on the water-line. They are very light, and are placed asunder, 13ft. from centres, being connected by three jointed beams, placed at the bow, stern and middle, the fore and aft tie beams being connected to the hulls by universal joints, and the centre beam fastened in such manner as to give the hulls freedom in a slight lateral motion. Three feet of the platform or deck which is everywhere in the form of a hemicircle, and is raised 2ft. 6in.) projects in front of the main beam, and at the extreme forward part of it is stepped the 27ft. mast, which is diagonally braced in every direction, and secured to the ends of the main beam. The deck is 13ft. long by 10ft. at the forward and 6ft. at the after end. She is sloop-rigged, the mainsail being 23ft. on the foot and 19ft. of gaff. The jib projects beyond the bowsprit, its boom being 15ft. long and 2ft. on the luff. She is steered by a balanced rudder placed in the middle, between the boats, at the stern end of the platform. As ballast no person on board or no ballast is necessary; with only one, a fifty-pound sand-bag is sufficient to maintain the proper fore-and-aft trim.

MURPHY, Erie.—Two balls have been called on the pitcher; he has pitched two more unfair balls, and then a third, which strikes the batsman, thus making it dead. It being also an unfair ball, would the umpire be justified in giving the batsman his base? Yes. If the bases were full, could he allow the runner on third to score his run? Sec. 8, Rule 4, says no; common-sense says yes.

The last clause in the section referred to is the exception to the first part of the rule, in the case you quote, that *dead* ball gave the batsman his base on called balls; and, as a matter of course, if all the bases were occupied, a run would be given by the ball in question. There can be no other interpretation of the rule.

E. H. P., Kent Hill, Maine.—"A B and C are respectively on 3d, 2d and 1st bases. D strikes a short fly—not caught—over shortstop, who passes it to 2d and gets it out. B plays off, but cannot reach third, and finally gets back on 2d. The ball is taken to 3d and he is declared out. I appeal from the decision." Ans.: The play of the shortstop should have been to home base, and not to second. As C, who was on first-base, was put out at 2d, forced off, B had a right to return to second. B is not out.

PETER MCDUFFY, Ottawa.—I. Joe Coburn was born at Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, in 1835. 2. Send along the evidence. You are mistaken as to such record being given Maloney in THE ALMANAC. By looking again, you will see that S. Muir and J. Young are the parties named. Maloney is winning in measured mile, 10m. He also won the hop, step and jump, covering 45 feet.

F. H. B., Boston.—"1. A fly-ball is hit which strikes the ground *within* the foul lines, bounces and rolls on the foul lines and between home and third. Is it fair or foul? A fly is hit which strikes the ground *outside* the foul lines, but which rebounds *inside* the foul lines. Is it a fair ball if it rolls within the lines between home and first, by Rule V., sec. 11, of the League rules?"..... 1. It is foul. 2. Yes.

HAMILTON.—1. The acting editions of Shakespeare's plays are sold separately, at 15 cents each copy, and can be had of S. French & Son, 122 Nassau street, in this city. 2. The best way to obtain dramatic instruction is to go on the stage. 3. Will endeavor to give you the author's name next week.

S. P. S., Phila.—1. No. 2. No. 3. About seventy-five miles. 4. About one mile. 5. Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels have performed in Nilo's Garden, in this city. 6. He is not a printer. 7. He served two terms. 8. As an actor and as a contributor he is known to us by that name only.

DOC, Cincinnati.—1. We cannot spare the space to repeat the caste of modern plays in this department. 2. Miss Maude Granger is now playing leading business at Booth's Theatre, in this city. 3. Miss Lillian Conway is the juvenile lady of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia. 4. He has dark-brown hair.

J. E. M.—1. Longfellow's fastest mile *record* is 1:43¾, made at Long Branch July 4, 1872. The fastest mile trotted race in the Saratoga Cup against Kingfisher is not a record. 2. 1:42½, by Gray Planet and Countess, is the fastest time in a mile-*dash* race we can now call to mind. Faster time has been made by Kadi and Scarbro in trial races.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Patti Josephs (Mrs. J. H. Fitzpatrick) died in Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 4, 1876. 2. That was her maiden name. 3. Yes. 4. She was buried and interred in Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia. 5. Possibly. 6. He was her brother. Watch dramatic summary for his whereabouts.

R. D. EMMETT.—The rule says "step outside the lines of his position." The umpire can readily distinguish between a deliberate step outside and an accidental losing of his balance. Only for the former should a foul strike be declared.

O. W. THOMAS, Lexington, Va.—1. One foul strike puts a batsman out this year—he required two such strikes in 1876. 2. He not only has the right to return, but he has no right to the third until it is legitimately vacated. 3. T. B. stands for times at the bat. 4. Yes.

HENRY, San Francisco.—"Round the Clock" was first acted in this city, in the Grand Opera house, Nov. 25, 1872. The French play from which it was taken has a similar title. We cannot recall the name of the author of the French piece.

S. S.—You would have to go on the stage and learn the business. Few managers of variety theatres employ people simply to sit at tables. They are usually expected also to perform some specialty. The salary of variety stars ranges from $50 to $300 per week.

PITTSBURG FLYER.—The CLIPPER'S report gave the distance by which Scharff was beaten by George Brown as "a length and a half," the latter afterwards defeating Morris "less than two lengths." In view of this uncertainty the bet should be drawn.

EDNA STEVENS, Albany.—Tennyson and Swinburne, among poets; and Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Mrs. Geo. H. Lewes, B. Farjeon, Anthony Trollope, Justin Mc. Carth, Edmund Yates, Miss Braddon, F. W. Robinson, among novelists.

H., Columbus.—1. French white is the best to make up with as a cream. Put a little cold cream on first, then rub. You can get both at drug-stores. 2. Apply to any member of the P. B. O. of Elks for information how to join that order. You are eligible.

DUKE.—Bryant's Minstrels sang "Dat Ole Home," "Alice, Sweet Alice," "My Dream," "Our Boarding-house," "Olla Podrida," "To a Coquette," "Ring the Muffled Bell," "Leiber Frow," "Because I am Irish, They Say."

J. H. O'CONNOR, Rome.—Tom Sayers' weight the day he fought John C. Heenan is said to have been 161lb.; but there is no way of getting at the exact truth of the matter, the men not being obliged to go to the scale.

F. A. H., Detroit.—Dead ball is the exception, just as in the case of the fair-foul rule, in which a ball striking the ground fairly becomes a foul under the stated circumstances.

GYMNAST, Chicago.—1. About $75 per week. 2. They could not command any salary until they had acquired some reputation. Accept anything that may be offered at first. 3. Nineteen years. 4. Not long enough to learn much.

J. A. S., Toronto.—1. Such works are out of print. 2. We are supplied. 3. He made his debut last season. He never played leading business anywhere save in your city. He is about 25 years of age.

G. J. M., Binghamton.—"East Lynne" was first acted in this country in the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., in October, 1862, the late Lucille Western acting Lady Isabel and Mme. Vine.

W. S. M., Rochester.—"The School for Scandal" is announced in the house bills of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city, to be performed there May 8, which will be the centennial anniversary of its first production.

YOU BET, Washington.—1. The Crystal Palace was burned Dec. 5, 1866. 2. The Professor has exhibited a balloon often in this town that we cannot venture to tell when he showed up at that exact point.

J. L. H., Chicago.—He is not acting at present. The last we heard of him he was traveling with a "Black Crook" company. A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

S. L., Memphis.—Wait until she appears, and then speak of her merits candidly, pointing out her faults as mildly as possible, and giving her encouragement should she prove deserving of it.

MOROCCO, Phila.—1. John C. Heenan weighed 178lb. the day he fought Sayers, about 185lb. when he met Morrissey, and 196lb. on the day of his battle with King. These were his only prize-fights. 2. No.

F. H. S., Washington.—C. W. Couldock made his first appearance in America at the Broadway Theatre, in this city, Oct. 8, 1849, acting the Stranger to the Mrs. Haller of the late Charlotte Cushman.

J. C. C., Knoxville.—There are so many recipes that it would be wise in you to take your druggist's advice before making a selection. As to the wall-paper, it will depend upon the colors therein.

FOUR PARTIES.—The card is yours, and you must lead it. The deal stands, and your side incurs the penalty of any revoke you may have made through the card being on the floor.

GOOD.—1. U. S. Senator or Governor of a State. It is a matter of opinion. 2. Secretary of State is considered the most important. They are all on an equality. 3. 2776. above high water. 4. About 1750.

EDMOND, St. Louis.—Either the play or your letter or both may have probably failed to reach its destination. Write again, and be sure you give ample time for your letter to reach her.

C. R. W., New Orleans.—1. We know of no such player. 2. The Resolutes of Brooklyn of 1875 were a second-class club—semi professional.

F. P.—Uncle Tom, being second in the second and last heat of the race, wins second money, and B therefore loses.

J. F. Mc., Prescott.—1. It is not an exposed card. 2. I there is any dispute cards should be dealt to determine positions.

P. F., Logansport.—1. Speculation as to the gentleman's wealth is idle. 2. No—not so far as we are advised, pays with property to that amount. 3. The three acres.

FIRST BASE, Phila.—Wright plays 1st b on the Harvard nine this season. We do not know his first name, nor "where he hails from."

R. L. L., Dayton.—Except by agreement, the age does not pass. If the player having the age drops out, the age goes with him.

THOMP. BURTON, Newcastle.—Unless otherwise agreed upon, the two making the highest score take the two prizes, shooting off the tie or dividing, as they prefer.

ED. A., Columbia.—1. Mr. Booth is the eldest, having been born in 1821. Edwin was born in 1833, and John Wilkes in 1838.

C. H.—G. F. Rowe acted in "Brass" at the Brooklyn Theatre during the week ending May 27, 1876, and later at the Park Theatre, in that city.

INFORMATION, Brooklyn.—To assure future success, begin by playing general utility. The salary you will receive should support you.

CONSTANT READER, Richmond.—1. The full with sixes at backs is this. The jack counts. 3. The ball does not count, and the striker is "scratched."

F. W. MCK., Barton Landing.—It is impossible to state at present what circus will visit your State. Read our circus summary weekly.

E. L. H., West Upton.—We have not the space to give that information, and we never charge anything for what we do give.

FERRIS.—Daniel O'Leary the walker was born in County Cork, Ireland, in 1846. He is a citizen of the United States.

MIKE, St. Louis.—Bill Poole beat John Morrissey in a rough-and-tumble fight in this city, in 1854. It was for $100.

F. L., Montreal.—You can get it through the Willmer & Rogers News Co., 31 Beekman street, this city; price $14 per annum.

JACK.—1. Richard O'Gorman was born in Ireland. 2. About seven weeks. 3. We do not know, for it is a very unwise way to go to Liverpool.

J. T. A., Company D, 11th Infantry.—Your card arrived too late to be answered in this issue, but we will do so in our next.

ODIN SELLER, Savannah.—Address Scott Brothers, Fulton street and Broadway, this city, for their coin-catalogue.

JOLLY NASH, Philadelphia.—No allowance in weight is now made to foreign-bred horses on the English turf.

J. G.—The Cunard line has lost a steamer on the route between America and Great Britain.

ST. LOUIS.—A player can melt 40 and afterwards 150 more, for trumps, at single-handed pinochle.

HIAWATHA CLUB, Phila.—Neither is exactly right. Those cards must be shown on which the pot was opened.

H. H. H.—The bet became void as soon as the deck-head was turned down.

M. W., Cheyenne.—We do not know his whereabouts. Address a letter to him in care of this office.

WICK, Pittsburg.—We cannot undertake to recommend firms.

ARK BELLAR, Chicago.—1. Four years. 2. He was gray when he went to prison. 3. Aged about 35 now.

CONSTANT READER, Springfield.—Address a note to the Custom-house, this city.

E. H., Columbus.—It is defective to such an extent that we do not believe you would like it in print.

J. R. MCS. JR., New Orleans.—1. We presume he is. 2. We have had no list of the company supporting him.

H. R. H.—1. Cannot say. 2. Address her in care of this office.

D. X., Reading.—Six seconds per mile for each oar in excess.

FRANK, Indianapolis.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will tell you all about it.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—We have no authentic record of his performances.

A. S., Beavenworth.—Watch some good performer, and try to excel him.

AJAX.—We have no knowledge of Charlotte Evans, who acted in Baltimore, Md., twelve years ago.

A. L. S., Lincoln.—1. Peruse our advertising columns. 2. Thank you; no.

S. G. G., Lynn.—He was raised in Ohio and Kansas, and was fooled in 1868.

W. W. W., Cleveland.—The bet is void because of the fraud resorted to in order to procure it.

J. F. W., Boston.—The bet cannot be decided, because he has been no general census since 1870.

H. H.—Harmon Swift kept such a place nearly opposite Spring street, in the Bowery. He is dead.

A. W. S., Phila.—You neglected to sign your name; consequently, we cannot notice the communication.

C. S. G., Columbia.—See answer to "J. H. O'Connor, Rome."

J. C. C., Toronto.—1. Consult a physician. 2. Try some manager in your city. Little chance for you here.

PRINTER.—We received so many on the same subject that we concluded to omit all.

W. F., Waterbury.—George Hall played with the Boston nine in 1874.

W. A. C., Houston.—Address Heinrich Bros., cor. Park place and Church street, this city.

F. H. K., McKeesport.—$6.24 for 13 times, cash, in advance.

M., London.—Not recently.

OLYMPIC, Sheffield.—See Hegee & Kiffee's card elsewhere for where catchers' masks are to be had.

U. N., Louisville.—Low jack goes out before high game. The order is high, low, jack, and game.

J. B., Phila.—1. A is out. 2. Nothing has precedence. First call, first out.

"GREENE."—There is no precedence. Call out as soon as point's are taken in.

A. B.—Call upon Warwick Edwards, at 52 West Thirtieth street.

A. M. S., Thomasville, Ga.—It will not be published in book form.

F. B., Philadelphia.—The letter you sent for him in our care he called for on April 10.

NO. 11 BROAD STREET.—Address a note of inquiry to him.

C. P. WASHINGTON.—440 feet 7½ inches, by John Hatfield.

B. R., Mattison.—What do you want to know about it?

BENTLEY, Rome.—Tom Sayers' height was 5ft. 8½in.

CONSTANT READER, Norfolk.—John McDevitt.

C. A. P., Camp Grant.—Will answer next week.

BOX 100, Morrow.—Can count out on a sweep.

C. W. H., Phila.—60 cents for each insertion.

J. L., Toronto.—A, with his five cards, wins.

F., Poughkeepsie.—It is pronounced Et-ing.

W. J. M., Fall River.—Neither excels in all.

W. R. B., Boston.—See answer to "Frank."

SPITZ, Phila.—It could not make it "nines."

W. H. H., Phila.—See reply to "Morocco."

RAMBLER, Terre Haute.—It cannot do it.

R. H. S. AND H. F., Laporte.—Boo-se-co.

OLD READER, St. Louis.—He is a tenor.

AKRON.—High, low, jack, game, pedro.

C. K. MCK., Selma.—Must follow suit.

M. L.—Three aces beat 10 at raffles.

J. H., New York.—He was a boy.

M. H.—Third man has no voice.

F. W. L.—A book will aid you.

H. K., Hillsborough.—Game.

T. K.—In N. Y. State, 26,815.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

It is a very grave but a very common error to suppose that the advertising columns of a newspaper are void of interest. Often it happens that one is able to get a clearer insight into the character of a journal through these columns than by any other means. They reflect the intellectual standing of the readers of a paper; and hence, indirectly, the standing of the paper itself. It becomes at once an amusing and fascinating study to search out odd advertisements, and note how they bespeak the character of the publication in which they appear.

Every one of our leading daily newspapers here in New York has a class of advertisers peculiar to itself. Who has not noticed the brevity and crispness of *The Sun's* advertisements—plain, pithy and pointed, like *The Sun* itself? "Wanted—A Tinsmith. 2,002 Avenue A." That tells the whole story in the fewest possible words—as *The Sun* tells all its stories. Here is *The Herald* announcing that "J. T. would like to make the acquaintance of the beautiful blonde whom he met in a Fifth-avenue stage, wearing a sealskin sacque and diamond earrings." We hope that if the beautiful blonde grants J. T.'s request he will prove himself a gentleman, and not attempt to appropriate either the sealskin or the diamonds. Here is *The Times*, dignified, manly, and self-reliant, which appeals to gentlemen with a capital of fifty thousand dollars to invest in an old-established business, which will pay a rich dividend and which is "perfectly respectable." Of course it is, else it wouldn't appear in *The Times*. Here is *The World*, saucy, cultured and culinary, which informs its readers that a superior quality of Chateau Lagarosse clarets may be obtained at reasonable prices, and that Smith's is the best place to purchase Spring-chickens. Here is *The Tribune*, erudite, conservative and proper, with the flavor of the colleges permeating all its columns, proclaiming the merits of Prof. X.'s school for boys, and the safety of an investment in the Yellow Ore Mining Company. In all these journals the advertisements have come to have a distinct character of their own—a character which corresponds more or less closely with the paper itself.

Perhaps of no other class of readers neglect to peruse so true as it is of THE CLIPPER. We fancy that very few of our readers neglect to peruse the advertisements; and if they do, they lose much that is interesting. In these columns is printed a striking picture of the dramatic and sporting worlds. Apart from any other features of the paper, they furnish a pretty accurate record of the doings of stage-people and those who make sporting matters a profession. Jones has made a hit in California, and here it is, with "extracts from the press," and a full account of his "overwhelming triumph." Somebody wants a full dramatic company to support a rising young star, and we are informed that only "sober and reliable" people need apply. Mr. A., the well-known comedian, announces that he may be engaged, "by responsible managers only," for the remainder of the season; and Mr. B., the eminent tragedian, also offers his services, and adds that he is "a good dresser," on and off the stage. We sincerely hope that both Mr. A. and Mr. B. may find speedy openings for the display of their recognized talents. Here, at the top of the column, is an announcement to the effect that X. and Y. have no open dates for the next three months, and that their performance is everywhere meeting with "the most unprecedented success." We are really glad to know this. Time was when X. and Y. were comparatively unknown quantities in the stage problem, and the fact that their true value has been finally determined shows that pluck and patience are sure to reap their reward. And here—what is this? "Mr. G. begs leave to announce that he will sail for Europe on or about the first of May, where he will fulfill engagements for one year." It cheers us to read a notice like that. G. was always a royal good fellow, but for years the fates seemed against him. Now he has prospered, evidently, and our best wishes go with him across the seas. But a feeling akin to sadness comes over us as we read, right under Mr. G.'s announcement, these words: "A young man desires an engagement with some first-class dramatic company to learn the business. Salary no object. Address C. D. B., Oshkosh." Ah, C. D. B., we implore of you—don't! Quench the desire which burns in your ambitious bosom, and give it up. We tell you in all kindness that, throughout the length and breadth of this great land, there is not a couple "first-class dramatic company"—no, nor a second-class, nor a third, which stands in need of your services. They are all full—overflowing. Think better of your resolution, and stick to Oshkosh. Solace yourself, if need be, with those immortal lines of Jaques':

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

So that Oshkosh, being a part of the world, really affords you as good a place as any other to make your exits and your entrances and play your seven ages.

From C. D. B. we turn with a sense of relief to Mons. Soho's card, wherein it is affirmed that Mons. Soho is "the champion cannon-ball tosser of the world"—an assertion which we have no reason to doubt until we read, with surprise, that Mons. Coco is also the champion of this particular line of business. We reconcile these seemingly antagonistic statements, however, on the theory that both of the gentlemen are entitled to the championship—only they toss different kinds of cannon-balls! Mr. T., it is to be observed, is in want of variety artists, and he considerately tells us that no "hams" need apply. It is to be hoped that hams will heed this warning unless they care to have their bacon cooked. The fearless S. wants a lady-partner to learn the trapeze business, and requests the sending of a photograph. Possibly some blooming young woman will respond, whose grace of person and amiable disposition will so impress the fearless S. that he will enter into a contract with her, not to be broken by the coming and going of seasons. A writer who hides his identity under a V announces that he has "a thrilling drama for a lady-star." May the lady-star shine upon him, and the drama prove a glorious success. A modest youth declares to the world that he would like a "posish" to do "straight business," and adds, as a sort of appendix, that he is "no mushroom." We are especially pleased to know this, and we cherish the belief that the young man, whether he gets a "posish" or not, will endeavor always to be "straight" in whatever business he follows.

Along with the humor which crops out in many of the advertising columns of newspapers, there is also, at times, a touch of pathos discernible. The long lists of "Wants" contain, too often, a hint of suffering and despair. Under the brief heading of "Deaths"—for these also are to be classed as advertisements—are printed the notices which carry desolation into some household, and sorrow to some hearts. A single-line "personal" may contain, hidden within it, the tragedy of a life; and what is a meaningless riddle to the great world may be the decision of fate to some anxious soul. With the varied glimpses of human nature which one gets through this source, we can only repeat what we said at the outset, that it is a serious error to suppose that there is nothing of interest in advertisements.

OUR CARNIVAL.—Honorscrowd upon us! It was not long ago that we became living dukes in accordance with letters-patent sent to us from Mobile, Memphis, etc. On Monday, April 23, the following royal decree was served upon us in our sanctum in this city. Our friends will please take notice, and hereafter treat us in a dukely manner. O! yes! O! yes! O! yes! Read:

BY THE KING OF THE CARNIVAL.

To all to whom these presents may come, greeting:

Know ye that, of our present power and authority, we grant unto our loyal and faithful subject FRANK QUEEN the following letters-patent, and do constitute and appoint him royal critic, with title of Duke Clipperino, for and during our royal and triumphant entry into our loyal capital city of New York, and do require that he shall receive us in a right royal manner, both he and his household and following, and obey all orders of our Right Worthy the Earl, Grand Marshal of the Kingdom.

Given under our Royal hand and seal, from our Palace of Mirth and Pleasure, this the First day of March, 1877, and the One Hundred and First year of our reign.

To the Honorable The Duke Clipperino, greeting:

In pursuance of the above Royal Letters-patent, you will at once organize and report the strength of your household and following, and all other matters pertaining to your dignities, and herein fail not, under penalty of the Royal displeasure.

"Vive le Roi!"

By order of GOTHAM,
Earl, Grand Marshal of the Kingdom.
Attest: BALZAC, Keeper of the Seals.

WHEN HOTELS sell for a cent apiece, boarding-houses must go to the wall; and they are fast coming to that, if indications go for anything. On Thursday of last week, a Centennial Hotel, "yea, the great Globe itself," which cost two hundred thousand dollars in the building of it, was sold at auction for *three thousand four hundred and seventy-five dollars!* Its frontage on Belmont avenue was 540 feet, and its depth 210 feet. It contains 1,000 rooms, and could accommodate 3,500 guests! It was a failure from beginning to end. It was erected by a company composed mainly of Philadelphia politicians, not one of whom "knew how to keep a hotel," as the financial wreck of the speculation has sufficiently proved.

"OUR JIM" is always on the lookout for chances. Last week, when war in Europe seemed inevitable, the shrewd boy went over into New Jersey and secured all the turkeys he could lay his hands on, and is now calmly waiting for a rise. James argues that, when Russia invests Constantinople, the Turkey market will immediately become tight, exportation of the bird to this country must necessarily cease, our stock on hand will rapidly advance in price, and fortunate holders will reap a rich reward. The Jim boy believes that what is one man's meat is another feller's poison.

A RECENT DECISION by the New York Court of Appeals has caused a good deal of commotion among liquor-dealers, some of whom will have to shut up shop unless they can get a new deal. We live in very exciting times, and what with Tweed's disclosures, the liquor-troubles, the sad and irreligious escapades of our ministerial friends, to say nothing of the high price of strawberries and the attenuated condition of Spring-chickens, our sufferings are intolerable. Let's "have a fresh deal all round!"

THERE IS EVIDENTLY a mistake somewhere. We have gone all along the line, and interviewed everybody inculpated by Tweed's confession, without finding a single individual who ever received a dollar from the old man eloquent. Tweed has got things badly mixed. The money he *thinks* he shared with the parties he names must have been given to gentlemen in Cuba, who first taught him how to talk and walk Spanish!

WE ARE NEARING the close of the theatrical season of 1876-7, which has made a large number of managers sick and dejected, owing to bad business and big expenses. It is not likely that many houses will venture to keep open during the heated term of July and August, the experience of the past two years having shown the folly of attempting to run Summer seasons in large cities.

IT IS NOT TRUE that O'Leary, the walkist who recently defeated Weston in London, is related to Mrs. O'Leary, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that kicked the bucket, that tossed the lamp, that fired the straw, that nearly destroyed Chicago.

UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES would we seek to justify murder; but when we read an account of the killing of a lightning-rod agent in Omaha we could not refrain from reflecting that all men must sooner or later pass under the rod.

A THEATRE CLOSED.—Those who went to Heller's Wonder Theatre to-night (Monday, April 23) were turned away by a notice that the house would not, owing to the illness of Mr. Heller, be opened. His complaint is rheumatism.

"THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE" may soon be converted into the unbeautiful red Danube, should the clash of arms between Russia and Turkey be first heard in that direction, as now seems probable.

IT IS PROBABLE that the exodus to the watering-places, Europe, and other Summer resorts will begin earlier than usual this year, owing to Tweed's "awful disclosures."

IF ANY MAN knows why Tweed and his Ludlow street habitation should no longer be joined together, let him speak, or forever after hold his piece—of the charter divvy!

IT IS HARDLY probable that those "implicated" will contribute to the fund for the erection of a statue to commemorate the public services of Wm. M. Tweed, Esq.

WHEN CAPT. BOGARDUS brings down forty or fifty birds in succession without missing one, may not the performance be described as a trifle *bird-*ensome?

MR. SANFORD'S American filly Donna has done a good thing by thus early in the season winning a race at Newmarket, England.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On April 16: The Nicholls Senate, at New Orleans, La., adopted resolutions approving President Hayes' policy, and guaranteeing education and equal rights.....The Pool-selling bill was passed to a third reading in the New York Senate.....In defending himself from assault, Keeper Michael Adams shot and fatally wounded Charles Brooks, a colored convict, aged 19, on Blackwell's Island, opposite this city.....Jno. C. Tait, alias Charley Todd, and Ed. Dodson of Cincinnati, O., fought a bloodless duel in Kentucky.....Joseph C. Brady, contractor, died in this city from injuries inflicted by James Lehan.....Fires: A brick block at Ashland, O.—loss about $65,000, partially insured; the Halfway House, Catskill Mountains, David Bishop proprietor—loss $7,000, insured for $5,000.....Wm. J. Reed, foreman of the pattern shop of the Corliss Engine Works, Providence, R. I., died from a dose of morphine, alleged to have been given in mistake for quinine.....Lorenzo Bergman of Davenport, Ia., hung himself—his fourth attempt at suicide.....John Scanlon was killed on the railroad near Hudson, Mass.

*** April 17: Much excitement was occasioned here by the publication of extracts from an alleged confession by Wm. M. Tweed, which was said to have been submitted by his counsel, John D. Townsend, to the Attorney-general of New York. Senator Woodin made a speech in the Senate denying statements contained therein, and Recorder Hackett, Hugh J. Hastings, ex-Sheriff James O'Brien, and others of the many the so-called confession implicated denied the charges brought against them.....A temperance convention in Brooklyn, N. Y., protested against legislative relief for liquor-dealers.....A meeting was held at the Academy of Music, here, in aid of a New York Soldiers' Home, $8,000 being subscribed.....A demonstration, the object of which was to induce Governor Tilden to order the release of the Tichborne claimant, took place in London, Eng., over 5,000 persons taking part in the procession, the leader of which was Mr. De Morgan.....Frank Norton of Belmont, N. Y., committed suicide by shooting.....John McNamara, alias Jack Mack, killed Lieutenant-Governor Cornell in Corning, N. Y., a year ago, was stated to have been arrested.....John Malloy of Mauch Chunk, Pa., the sixth man convicted of the killing of Morgan Powell, was found guilty of murder in the second degree.....Thomas Koch, a trackman, was run over and killed at Bethlehem, Pa.....The body of Dr. Button was found at Phillipsburg, N. J.....Patrick McDermott hung himself in his cell, in the City Lunatic Asylum, at Ward's Island, this city.....Fires: Hollister & Tolley's drygoods store, Brown & Wing's drug-store, and other property, at Cocksackie, N. Y.—loss, $15,000; ex-Mayor Johnson's stables, at Cincinnati, O.—loss 10,000.....The trial at Philadelphia of Bernard J. Smith for the murder of Michael Brennan resulted in his acquittal.....The schooner Edward J. Heraty of Philadelphia was reported wrecked on North Banks, N. C., and all on board are supposed to have been lost.....At Bath, Me., Nott was sentenced to six years' imprisonment for killing his father.....John Woodson committed suicide by hanging at Methuen, Mass.....J. H. Price of Chicago, Ill., blew his brains out in Cincinnati, O.....Wm. H. White of Boston, while riding on a freight-car, struck a bridge and was fatally injured at Westboro, Mass.....Edward Hall of Albany was injured in like manner at Worcester, Mass.

*** April 18: The compromise proposition was rejected by the Packard men at New Orleans, La.....300 clerks were discharged from the United States Treasury Department.....The committee to investigate the Tweed charges against Senator Woodin was appointed by the New York Senate.....A plea of manslaughter was accepted in the case of James Rye, charged with having murdered Samuel Ewing in Philadelphia, and he was sentenced to two years in State-prison.....At Scranton, Pa., John Mahon, aged 24, who beat and robbed an old man, was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement.....Crazy Horse, accompanied by about two thousand similarly crazy horses, was reported moving towards Camp Robinson, Neb., with the intention of surrendering.....Harry Martin, a negro, was stated to have been murdered by his wife at Bicesom Hill, Va., some time ago.....John B. Young of Cincinnati, O., fell out of a window on Broadway, this city, and was impaled on the iron fixtures of a gas-lamp, receiving fatal injuries.....The Russian Grand Dukes Alexis and Constantine and suite called upon President Hayes, who returned the visit in company with Secretary Evarts.....The buildings Nos. 315, 317, 319 and 321 East Twenty-second street, this city, occupied by Gustav Brueck, fan-manufacturer, Walsh & McKinley, J. A. Glover and others, were destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $100,000, which is but lightly insured.....Edith Anderson, aged 19, of Philadelphia, in an attempt to save whom from self-destruction, over a year ago, a young Englishman was drowned, attempted suicide by taking laudanum in this city.....Conductor Weeks was fatally injured by a railroad train at Jamaica, L. I.....It was reported that, during a storm at sea, Capt. Harry Gilman was washed overboard from the schooner Mary W. Hopper, from Norfolk, Va., for Savannah, Ga., and the mate, W. G. Mason, was killed by the taffrail.

*** April 19: Accessions from the Packard ranks gave Gov. Nichols' Legislature an undisputed quorum in both branches, and information to that effect was communicated to the President by the Louisiana Commission.....At Welford, N. B., the inquest in the case of the death of James Kingan of New York resulted in a verdict of murder by some person or persons unknown.....At Mauch Chunk, Pa., Patrick McKenna and John Mallory were sentenced respectively to nine and five years' imprisonment for complicity in the murder of Morgan Powell.....News per cable: The Russian Chancellery at Constantinople was reported closed. Lord Derby said that England did not wish to intervene in the impending war between Russia and Turkey, but reserves the right to protect English interests if they should be threatened. Five miners were rescued from a coal mine at Partypridd, Wales, having been imprisoned by explosion and inundation on the 11th inst. Four others were missing.....Fires: Newton & Thompson's box-factory, at Forrestdale, Vt.—loss $25,000; F. H. Root & Co.'s chemical works, at Bennington, Vt.—loss $7,000.....At Baltimore, Md., Thomas Rodgers was stabbed to death by Joseph Aigo, whom he had dangerously stabbed.....Silas D. Keyser of Rondout, N. Y., was sentenced to imprisonment for life for arson.....The dead body of Amos Walker, aged 70, was found near Bridgeport, Pa.....At Richmond, Va., the death-sentence of Miles Reddick was commuted to imprisonment for life.....The body of John Ruel, a supposed victim of foul play, was found in the canal at Blackstone, Mass.....Rev. Paul T. Valentine, Ph. D., D.D., LL. D., tried in this city upon a charge of committing outrages upon little boys and girls who resided at his "college for children," was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.....The Globe Hotel building, near the Centennial Exhibition Grounds, Philadelphia, was sold at auction for $3,475. It cost over $200,000.....The 102d anniversary of the Battle of Concord, Mass., was duly observed there.....Dr. Clendenning of Des Zoachins, Ont., committed suicide by cutting his throat.....S. A. Frazier of New York, sentenced to six years' imprisonment for robbery, was pardoned by Governor Brown, of Maine.

*** April 20; President Hayes issued orders for the removal of the United States troops from the Louisiana State-house at New Orleans to barracks, the change to be made on the 24th inst. Five members of the Packard Legislature, including Gen. W. L. Wiltlan, left that body and joined the Nicholls Legislature.....Wellington Schuyler, a negro, fatally assaulted Nathan Corbin, a mulatto, in this city.....A railroad collision occurred near Lynn, Mass., through the misplacement of a switch. Three persons were injured.....At Rome, Ga., Augustus Johnson, white, was sentenced to be hanged June 15 for the murder of Daniel Alford, colored.....Miss Mary Reilly, aged 50, committed suicide in this city by cutting her throat.....John Jackson was sentenced in Jersey City, N. J., to ten years, and George Miller and William Shafer to two years' imprisonment each, for burglary.....Joseph Maher and two others were severely hurt by a railway collision at Green Island, N. Y.....Steve Anderson, negro, was hanged at Aiken, S. C., for complicity in the murder of Portman and Hauseman.....Sophie Rendle, aged 16, residing here, was fatally burned by her clothes taking fire.....H. T. Jones, a negro, was in Chico gaol, Cal., convicted of Iroville, Cal., of arson in the first degree.....D. Ileff, a brakeman, was killed by the cars at Elizabeth, N. J.....Cable news: Russia declared her intention to occupy Bulgaria and hold it as a guaranty for the execution of the promised reforms, but disclaimed any purpose to acquire territory permanently. Thos. C. Lewis, implicated in the Babbitt robbery here, was arrested in London on a charge of forgery, preferred by the American Legation. He was committed for extradition. Italy will dissolve all republican and international associations within her borders.....Mrs. Geo. Kidd and Mrs. Hillyer of Aylmer, Ont., were fatally burned by an explosion of coal-oil.....Fires: Case Brothers' spoke-factory, at Stockton, N. J.—loss $25,000; Nos. 192 and 194 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., occupied by Harris, Heipman & Co. and Scott & Co.—loss $50,000; the Stebbins Block, at Hinsdale, N. H.—loss $10,000; 47,000 barrels of oil, ten oil wells and tanks, belonging to the United Pipe Line, at Troutman, Pa., which place was also destroyed—loss in the town, $30,000.

*** April 21: Charles M. Stirling was convicted at Youngstown, O., for the murder of Miss Lizzie Krumbacher.....Dudley Kimball, aged 6, shot and killed Stephen Cox, aged 7, at Boston, Mass.....Cable news: A complete agreement exists between Austria and Russia. The Roumanian Government has protested to the Turkish and Russian Governments against that country being made the theatre of war; if Turkey persists in invasion, Roumania will be obliged to take up arms and cast her lot with Russia. The mail-boat plying between Brest, France, and the Island of Usbant has been wrecked, with the loss of eight sailors and the crew. Gen. Bazaine, the exhibition-manac has again been sentenced to two months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, for insulting the public powers. The quarrel with Dahomey has been settled, Great Britain remitting a large part of a fine of 500 puncheons, imposed upon the King. A revolt has occurred in Paraguay, S. A., President Don Jose Bautista Decoud and Minister of War Gill being assassinated.....George W. Busteed hung himself at Hudson, N. Y.....John W. Riddle, aged sixty-eight, was killed by falling into the hold of an unfinished steamship at Chester, Pa.....Thos. Burns, Ed. Petty, Wm. Broggins, George Tracy, James Maguire, and Nicholas Brown were drowned by a flood near White Haven, Pa.....William Jarrett, aged seventeen, was dangerously stabbed in this city by Patrick Connelly. They are sailors.....Spencer's spectacle factory, at Newcastle, N. Y., was destroyed by fire; loss $120,000.

*** April 22: James Temple of Wilmington, Del., was killed by John Rhodes, who claims to have acted in self-defense. Both were colored.....Thomas L. Williamson, having failed to effect a reconciliation with his divorced wife, committed suicide at St. Louis, Mo.....A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, stated that Lieut. J. Knapp, Post-surgeon Andrews, and Post-sutler J. S. Moore were drowned while crossing the Columbia River from Astoria to Fort Canby.....The Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes Temperance Society was organized at Washington, D. C., and resolutions were adopted endorsing the sentiments of Mrs. Hayes regarding the use of intoxicating liquors at State-dinners and similar occasions.....John Webb was stated to have been murdered at Merry Hill, N. C., on the 21st, by two negroes, one of whom was arrested.....Foreign news: The British representative at Constantinople reiterated the warning that England cannot support Turkey. The Sultan was stated to have decided to proceed to the Danube, and assume command of the troops in case of war. Turkish war vessels have taken position at Galatz to opp

BASEBALL DOINGS IN MINNESOTA.—Our correspondent at St. Paul, Minn., writes as follows under date of April 8: "All the members of the St. Paul Red Caps have arrived. Through the courtesy of the St. Paul Gymnastic Association, one of the finest and most complete institutions of its kind in the country, the gymnasium rooms have been placed at the club's disposal, and the result so far has been very gratifying. The club is also practicing on their grounds as often as the weather permits, and it is safe to say that, if the discipline so early and successfully inaugurated is continued, some of the crack teams of the East and South who intend meeting the Reds on the diamond this season will find it difficult to capture a ball from the representative nine of this city ..... J. O. Julian of the Indianapolis Club has signed with the Minneapolis Blue Stockings, and will play shortstop this season instead of J. M. Bennett, as formerly announced. Bennett will be one of the substitutes. The first game of the season between St. Paul Reds and Minneapolis Blues will probably take place at Minneapolis April 27 ..... Judging from negotiations now going on between the managements and Eastern clubs, it is highly probable that a number of the League and Alliance clubs will visit Minnesota, and, to establish a circuit, the Alliance nines of these two cities will, about June 1, start on an Eastern and Southern trip. The dates and routes have not been definitely fixed."

THE LEAGUE UMPIRES.—The following are the names of the gentlemen elected to act as umpires in League-club championship contests in each city this season. Five names were sent in from each city, from which three were elected by a vote of the League clubs: Boston—G. F. White, James Sumner, M. E. Chandler. Brooklyn—Joshua Bonner, E. Ducharme, John Kenny. Cincinnati—James Nathan Draper, Wm. F. Walker, J. H. Gifford. Chicago—Calvin I. Stambaugh, J. Fred Cone, Conrad Bradbury. Louisville—Kenneth McDonald, John Morris, Daniel Devinney. St. Louis—George Seward, William Medart, L. W. Buttis.

ANOTHER PLAYER GONE.—The record of bachelor professionals is rapidly growing less. Here is another fellow, you know, who has been and gone and done it. His name is Harmon J. Dehlman, and the fair daisy of St. Louis who is now Mrs. Dehlman was Miss Flora Henri. By 1878—well, we shall see what we shall see. Coyler of *The Evangel* will please make a note of this interesting fact. Miss Henri has secured a right good man for a husband, and a splendid first-base player.

THE RESOLUTES of Baltimore, Md., announce the following nine: Woodward, 1. f.; Muncks, 3d b.; Waters, 1st b.; Deems, c. f.; Brown, ch. c.; Young, 2d b.; Hutchins, p.; Buckingham, r. f.; Wheeler, c.; and probably a player from Washington. All communications must be addressed to M. L. Woodward, Manager and captain, 608 West Fayette street, Baltimore, Md.

THE AMITY CLUB was organized at Rochester, N. Y., last week. Officers: President, W. Scott Webster; secretary and treasurer, George W. Parshall; captain, Charles E. Kirk. Nine: Parshall, c.; Allen, 1. f.; Hagen, r. f.; Fullam, 3d b.; Cook, s. s.; Kirk, p.; Vegiard, 1st b; Battelle, 2d b; Webster, c. f.

THE ERIE (PA.) CLUB is now fully organized, and will play as follows: F. Thompson, c.; Stratton, p.; W. Smiley s. s.; F. Heifert, 1st b. and captain; J. Curry, 2d b.; Geo Fisher, 3d b.; L. Talley, l. f., ch. c. and manager; M. Phillips, r. f. and ch. p.; L. Ressler, c. f.; Dillon, sub.

THE CINCINNATI.—A steel-plate engraving of the Chicago baseball nine for 1877 has just been issued by Verbeck & McRoy, who advertise that they will mail it on receipt of price, 50 cents.

SEYMOUR of last year's Cincinnatis went to the Queen City last week, in response to an offer from the Ludlows.

THE CHICAGOS beat the Fairbanks Club at Chicago, Ill., April 21; score, 10 to 1.

THE SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CLUB defeated the Erie (Pa.) Club, at Erie April 21; score, 15 to 4.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Thos. Carey of the Hartford B. B. C.

THE GROUNDS AT ITHACA, N. Y.—A correspondent sends us the following information; "The Ithaca Baseball Grounds have been leased for the season, and as soon as practicable will be put in first-class condition, and when ready eighty per cent. of gate receipts will be paid to the two contesting clubs. Ten or fifteen games only will be allowed during the season, so that visiting clubs can depend upon having good paying crowds. Only first-class clubs, such as shall be able to cope with the Stars of Syracuse, Cricketes of Binghamton, Rochesters of Rochester, and Auburns of Auburn, will be allowed to play upon the grounds. With all such clubs contemplating a trip through New York State the management would be glad to correspond. Communications should be addressed to Port Jones, manager Ithaca Baseball Ground, Ithaca, N. Y."

W. H. CARR & Co., manufacturers of Carr's patent dead ball, and dealers in baseball and sporting goods, publish their address, with diagram and price-list of balls, in our business department.

PECK & SNYDER'S advertisements on another page give the prices of baseball outfits and their new professional and amateur balls.

THE TURF.

THE SPRING MEETING of the Louisiana Jockey Club was brought to a close on Monday, April 16, with the fifth day's racing. The attendance was large, the weather favorable, and the course in good order, being safe, but not fast. The opening race was a dash of a mile and a quarter, for a purse of $300, of which $30 and $20 went respectively to the second and third horses; all carrying 100lb, except three-year-olds, which carried their proper weight for age. Four horses came to the post, viz., Jack Hardy, 5yrs.; Bob Woolley, 5yrs.; Kilburn, 5yrs.; and Verdigris, 3yrs. It was a lively betting race, Jack Hardy selling for $175; Bob Woolley, for $80; Kilburn, for $47; and Verdigris for $42. Jack Hardy made the running from start to finish, and won easily by two lengths in 2:14½, to the delight of the Texan division of turfmen. Bob Woolley was second, and Kilburn third. The Colt'll Stakes, for three-year-olds, $25 entrance, play or pay, with $400 added, one mile and a half, was the second race of the day. Eleven out of the thirteen horses entered came to the post, viz., King William (who was penalized 7lb for winning the Pickwick Stakes), Aunt Betsy, Adventure, Commodore Parisot, Diadem, Woodland, John Campbell, Cora Linn, Mamie R., and Jones' filly. King William was a big favorite, selling for $160 to Aunt Betsy and Adventure $55, Commodore Parisot $40, and the field $30. Adventure forced the running in the interest of her stable-companion, Aunt Betsy, for a mile, the others close up in a bunch behind. Entering the homestretch, Aunt Betsy went to the front, and won very easily by two lengths in 2:44½; King William second, and Adventure third. The third race was for the Consolation Purse of $200, for all horses that had run and not won during the meeting; one mile. The runners were Belle Barkley, Woodland, Coronella, and Maria Barnes. Belle Barkley sold for $150; Coronella, $50; Woodland, $35; Maria Barnes, $20. The favorite won very easily by three lengths after making the running from start to finish, Woodland taking the $30 second money, and Coronella third. The four-mile handicap, for all ages, for a purse of $900, of which $700 went to the winner and $200 to the second horse, had four contestants—Uncle Tom, George Quinine, Russ Butler and The Nipper. George Quinine and Russ Butler each sold in the pools for $70; The Nipper, $57; and Uncle Tom, $40. After George Quinine had won the first heat easily in 7:46, he sold for $300 against the field's $140. He won the second heat and the race in 7:52, Uncle Tom taking second money, The Nipper was distanced in the first heat.

RACING IN CALIFORNIA.—On Wednesday, April 18, the second day of the Spring meeting of the Sacramento Jockey Club, the great attraction was the race between Theodore Winter's unconquered four-year-old filly Molly McCarthy, carrying 101lb, and J. Cairns Simpson's six-year-old mare Lady Amanda, 111lb, for the club purse of $500, two miles and a quarter. The winner of the California Oaks was a great favorite, and she sustained her unbeaten record by carrying Mr. Winter's colors to victory by a length in 4:06.

On the third day of the Sacramento Spring meeting, April 20, Mollie McCarthy, Lady Amanda, Council Bluffs, and Wheatley came together in a two-mile-heat race for the Association purse of $900. Again did the game and fleet daughter of Monday and Hennie Farrow prove her title to be regarded as "The Queen of the Pacific Coast racing turf," for she beat her opponents very easily in two straight heats in 3:38¼, 3:36¾. This is the fastest recorded time at the distance ever made in California.

On the last day of the meeting, April 21, the mile-heats purse of $400 brought out three runners—Waddell (formerly Bazar), Lady Amanda and Morphine. The betting was lively between Waddell and Lady Amanda, the former having slightly the call, but the latter won cleverly in two straight heats in the fast time of 1:44¾, 1:44¾.

On the Bay District Course, San Francisco, on Saturday, April 21, the two fast horses Bodine and Oakland Maid trotted for a purse of $2,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Oakland Maid won the first heat, apparently on sufferance, in 2:24½, and Bodine the second, third and fourth heats and the race in 2:24, 2:22¾, 2:23¼. On Saturday, May 5, Goldsmith Maid and Rarus are to trot at Salinas, mile heats, three in five, in harness, for a purse of $3,000, being $2,000 for the winner, and $1,000 if Occident's time (2:16¾) is beaten.

A SECOND VICTORY.—Mr. Sanford's stable of American racers in England has achieved a second victory during the past week at the Newmarket Craven meeting. The success of Donna in the Handicap Plate on the first day was supplemented by the victory of the three-year-old bay colt Brown Prince, by Lexington out of imp Britannia IV by the Flying Dutchman, carrying 122lb, in a plate of $500, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each for starters, over the Rowley mile (1 mile 17 yards), beating Pirat (second), Bugle Horn (third), and two others. The betting at the start was 6 to 4 against Pirat, 6 to 1 against Bugle Horn, and 33 to 1 against Brown Prince, the last winning the race by half a length. Brown Prince is a handsome, powerfully-built colt, of good size and fine symmetry. He did not start last season, but is quite heavily engaged in the three-year-old stakes this Summer, being entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, Epsom Derby, Grand Prix of Paris, and the Doncaster St. Leger. The double victory of Donna and Brown Prince will attract renewed attention to the American horses in England. As Donna started at 20 to 1, and Brown Prince at 33 to 1, it is probable that Mr. Sanford won a handsome stake by their victories.

SHEFFIELD HANDICAPS.—A 202yds. handicap, promoted by Messrs. Darley & Co., who gave away £100, took place at Hyde Park, Sheffield, Eng., April 2, 3, attracting some 5,000 people on the second day. The final heat resulted as follows: J. Kitchen (77½yds. start), £80; T. Deighton (74), 2, £12 10s.; H. Stimpson (78), 3, £5; T. Bakewell (78), 4, £2 10s. Kitchen, who was the favorite, won by 2yds.; he had previously, in the third heat of the second round, beat J. Pearson, about whom, previous to Kitchen assuming the pride of place, a bet of £1,000 to £100 was made. Starter, T. Wilkinson. Referee, J. Bower.....On the same days, a 204yds. handicap for a like amount, offered by J. Collier, took place at the Newhall Grounds, the effect of this clashing of events being, as in the case of Darley & Co.'s enterprise, to in a great measure spoil the interest at both grounds and lessen the attendance of spectators, who could not tell at which place their special favorites were going to appear. The final heat resulted thus: C. Lightfoot (82yds.), 1, £80; G. Tomlinson (81½), 2, £12 10s.; J. Turner (81¼), 3, £5.; J. Bates (82¼), 4, £2 10s.; won by half a yard. Tomlinson, who was the favorite at 6 to 4, was slow in getting away from the mark.

MR. SANFORD'S NEWMARKET VICTORY.—At the Newmarket Craven meeting, in England, on Wednesday, April 18, Mr. Sanford's American-bred three-year-old filly Donna, by Baywood out of Dotwon the Handicap Plate of $500 for three-year-olds and upwards, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each for starters. The distance was five furlongs 140yds. (the Two-year-old Course), and eight out of the nineteen entered came to the post. Count La Grange's c. c. Pardon was the favorite at 2 to 1; 3 to 1 against Mr. Acton's Playfair, and 20 to 1 against Donna and Ursula, who finished first and second. Donna won easily by three lengths.

THE POOL-PROHIBITORY BILL.—It now seems certain that the voice of the poolseller will no more be heard—at least in the State of New York—for the bill to prohibit pool-selling was on Tuesday, April 17, ordered to a third reading in the Senate, and this action is admitted to be equivalent to its passage.

INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP.—The Newmarket International Handicap, run for on Friday, April 20, was won by Prince Soltykoff's four-year-old colt Tassell, by The Duke out of Belladrum by Chanticleer, 94lb; beating Bonchurch, 3yrs., 77lb (second); Plaisante, 3yrs., 91lb (third); and seven others. The course was 1m. 1fur. 73yds., and the betting 5 to 1 against Plaisante, 8 to 1 against Bonchurch, and 20 to 1 against the winner, who won one race at two years old out of three starts, and thrice without winning at three years old. He is engaged in the City and Suburban Handicap, run for at Epsom on April 24, and in which he will carry 102lb.

POOL-SELLING IN CANADA.—A bill to repress betting and pool-selling has been introduced into the Canada Legislature, and has passed through committee without amendment. Anticipating its passage, the associations of Woodstock, Toronto and London have concluded to give no race meetings.

MONMOUTH PARK, N. J.—It is rumored that arrangements are in progress for the holding of a race meeting over the course at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, during the coming Summer, and the programme of purses and stakes will be announced at an early date.

A FIFTY-MILE RACE.—The fifty-mile race at Oakland Park, San Francisco for $1,000 a side, between Major Ramson Pico and John P. Smith of San Jose, each limited to ten horses, came off April 12, and was won by Smith by three-quarters of a mile. Time, 2h. 3m. 40s.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY AND WESTON'S GREAT MATCH.

In our past issue was given a brief account, condensed from *The* (London) *Sporting Life*, of the progress made by O'Leary and Weston during the first forty-eight hours of their six days' match at Agricultural Hall, O'Leary being then nearly fourteen miles ahead. We now take up the chain of events, and follow the pedestrian prodigies to the end of their long journey.

THIRD DAY.—Having but a short night's rest (1h. 17m. 21s.), O'Leary still further increased his lead, and when Weston came on the track (having rested a little over three hours) was close upon twenty-five miles ahead. Both men walked exceedingly well on Wednesday, April 4, and for the first time, with the aid of the band, Weston spurted, and twice actually passed his opponent, which he had been unable to do hitherto, and by the advice of his attendant O'Leary stopped spurting. O'Leary completed his 250 miles nearly 25 miles ahead, and this lead he maintained more or less the whole day, as what ground he lost by stopping more frequently than his opponent he quickly made up by his great pace. By five o'clock O'Leary had walked 266 miles to Weston's 245, and the latter finally left the track for the night at 12h. 6m. 21s., having completed exactly 275 miles, his example being followed at 12h. 11m. 35s. by O'Leary, who had walked a trifle over 284 miles, and both appeared comparatively fresh and strong, his feet being sound as a bell.

FOURTH.—O'Leary resumed walking at 1h. 47m. 46s. A. M., having been away 5h. 36m. 21s., during which he slept soundly for an hour. Weston, however, again took a long rest (3h. 8m. 7s.), and, when he resumed operations, he was over twenty-five miles behind. O'Leary made his first mile at 3h. 11m. 28s., of 75h. 12m. 28s. from starting—a performance that has never been eclipsed—but he did not succeed in beating Crossland's time (63h. 15m. 10s.) for 400 miles. O'Leary's friends, however, now felt that had they called upon him to spurt, he would have performed the feat with ease; but they did not wish to jeopardize his chance by calling upon him for great exertion so early in the race. Both men kept very much to O'Leary, owing to his superior speed, increased his lead to 26 miles by noon, when he had walked 335 miles to Weston's 309. By the advice of his attendants, Dan retired at 1h. 3m., having walked 340 miles to his opponent's 313, this lead being decreased by Weston to something less than twelve miles by 4h. 30m., when he also left the track, remaining absent 1h. 12m. 28s. In the meantime O'Leary reappeared, greatly refreshed by a sound sleep of over three hours, and after going a lap or two at a nice, steady pace he dashed off at the rate of five miles an hour. The 342d, 343d, 344th, and 345th miles were walked in 47m. 39s.—a marvelous performance, considering his previous exertions; and when Weston returned, at three minutes past 5h., O'Leary had walked 344 miles, being half a lap to the miles. By seven o'clock Weston had walked 332 miles to O'Leary's 349; at eight o'clock, 336 to O'Leary's 353; and by nine o'clock, 340 miles to 357, at which time the score which it will be seen that O'Leary gained further on Weston. At ten o'clock O'Leary had completed 361 miles and Weston 345, O'Leary in the meantime having stopped ten minutes. By eleven o'clock O'Leary had completed 369 miles, and Weston 349 miles 1 lap, and at five minutes past midnight (four days or ninety-six hours from the start) O'Leary had traversed 379 miles 2 laps, and Weston 353 miles 509 yards. There was an immense attendance, and when the band was playing, and both men spurting, the enthusiasm was very great.

FIFTH.—Instead of O'Leary resting after midnight on Thursday, he continued walking, but at 43m. 55s. past twelve Weston left the track, but 12¼m afterwards he reappeared, and went on till 39m. 8s. past 1 o'clock, apparently desirous of some of his miles previously having occupied from 16m. to 18m. O'Leary, at the finish of his 390th mile (2h. 25m. 40s.), feeling drowsy, left the track for a sleep, and was absent 2h. 23m. 48s., returning looking wonderfully fresh. At 4h. 10m. o'clock in the morning O'Leary had walked 361 miles and Weston 362, and they went on without a break till half-past nine, when O'Leary, after polishing off 400 miles, stopped for three-quarters of an hour, Weston at this time being a trifle over 19 miles behind. By a curious coincidence, at 46m. past twelve each had covered exactly 40 miles and 5 laps since midnight. O'Leary's 45m. rest enabled Weston to gain a little, and at eleven o'clock, when O'Leary had walked 403 miles 5 laps, he had only a lead of a little over seventeen miles, while on the previous day, at the same time, he had had a lead of twenty-six miles. An hour later he had placed 407 miles and five laps to his credit, and Weston 391, and at one o'clock the former's score was 411 miles 4 laps to Weston's 394 miles 4 laps. In his 414th mile Weston spurted and passed O'Leary, at which there was great applause. At 37m. 49s. past six the latter retired, but at 7h. 41m. 38s. he was brought on again. At his reappearance the band struck up a lively tune. There was at this time a large company present—about 5,000. Weston, although limping and evidently fatigued, would not stop, and determined, if possible, although he made his miles in slow time, to try and wear his formidable opponent down. At 5m. past o'clock (or 115h. from the start) O'Leary had made 427 miles to Weston's 422, the going well. During the afternoon O'Leary was examined by Dr. Dobell, who pronounced him sound in every respect—intelligence that was most assuring to his supporters. The effect of Weston's exertions told unmistakably upon him, and in the evening it was evident that he only maintained his pace by great effort, which cannot be wondered at, considering that he had not left the track more than a minute since four o'clock in the morning—a surprising proof of his indomitable pluck and staying powers. At 5m. past midnight (120h. from the start), the total distance walked was: O'Leary, 453 miles 1,143 yards; Weston, 439 miles.

SIXTH.—Weston, at 1h. 8m. A. M., recommenced his walk, but his pace was slow; so, shortly after two o'clock, he again retired for a second rest of 1h. 37m. 24s. On the other hand, with one or two short rests of a few minutes only, O'Leary continued walking after midnight till 32m. past five in the morning, by which time he had walked 474 miles, when he retired for a good rest of 3h. 9m. 11s. At one o'clock in the afternoon, when the hall began to fill rapidly, O'Leary had finished 492 miles to Weston's 477; so the former was still 15 miles ahead, and it became apparent that Weston's only chance was a sudden break-down of his opponent. Still he plodded manfully on till 45m. past one, when he retired for another rest, having by that time finished 477 miles 6 laps. After being away exactly 1h. 27m. 48s., he returned to the track at 37m. 33s past two o'clock, shortly after which the scoring-board announced the fact that O'Leary had finished his 500 miles, the time of day being (P. M.) 2h. 40m. 20s. (thus the time occupied in walking this distance was 134h. 43m. 20s.), and at this the building fairly echoed with cheers, and all round O'Leary was greeted with waving hats and handkerchiefs. By three o'clock O'Leary had finished 501 miles, and Weston 478 all but a couple of hundred yards, O'Leary's lead being 23 miles, and at five minutes before four o'clock he retired in anything but a satisfactory condition. This was an exciting moment, for, of course, if O'Leary had been unable to resume walking, the match was lost; but his friends were not long kept in suspense, for, after a short rest of 35m., a ringing shout announced O'Leary's return when Weston had completed 486 miles, O'Leary's lead thus being 18 miles. From this point both men went off at nine o'clock, at which hour O'Leary had finished 519 miles to Weston's 503½ miles. It thus became apparent that Weston could not under any circumstances overhaul his opponent, and a determination on his part to take matters easily followed. After resting for 13m. 17s., he came upon the track apparently as fresh as when he started, and continued walking up to 10h. 50m. 38s., when he had completed his 510th mile, and then retired, leaving O'Leary the victor of one of the best-contested matches ever witnessed by ten miles. O'Leary, who had retired at 9h. 12m. 10s., with barely three-quarters of a lap to make his total 520 miles, with the consent of the judges, was allowed to finish the lap accompanied by two of his friends, which he did at precisely 54m. 25s. past ten, and subsequently he walked twice around in company with Sam Hague and Mr. McGee, amidst a perfect ovation, and finally stopped in front of the judges' stand and thanked the judges and gentlemen of the press for the fair and impartial way in which he had been treated, and also paid a few complimentary remarks to Weston. O'Leary's time for 500 miles is 1h. 13. 27s. faster than anything that has hitherto been achieved, and the times from 87upwards are the fastest on record.

During the six days O'Leary's stoppages aggregated 26h. 23m. 6s.; Weston's, 23h. 12m. 37s. The receipts amounted to £3,333 7s. 6d., of which amount £1,300 were taken on the last day. O'Leary had no solid food while on the track, and his bill of fare for the week consisted of chicken-broth, strong beaf-tea, jellies, oatmeal gruel, grapes, strawberries, oranges, yolk of eggs with tea, and (towards the finish) hot coffee. Weston treated himself to a more solid and varied diet, such as steaks and mutton chops, mutton-broth, bread and butter, rice pudding, red-currant and calves' foot jellies, biscuit and cheese, grapes, oranges, prunes and figs, and for drinks he had hot tea, coffee, ginger-ale, soda and milk, seltzer-water, etc. H. J. McGee and his servant attended upon O'Leary throughout admirably, and during the last four days Mr. Juden of the Sussex County Cricket Ground waited upon Weston. Lap-keepers: H. Griffin and S. Ashbrook (for Weston, and C. H. Stead and W. Searle (for O'Leary). Board-men: J. White, C. Westhall and F. Starnes (for Weston), and James Lever, J. Wells and H. Irwin (for O'Leary).

The Sporting Life closes the report of the match with these remarks: "O'Leary's victory was an exceedingly popular one, but there is still a diversity of opinion as to who really is the better stayer of the two—we do not say walker, for there is no comparison in point of style between O'Leary and Weston; and it is not saying too much when we affirm that the former is one of the fairest and neatest walkers we ever saw. Not once during the week's trial was he observed to "lift;" nor even at the last, when footsore, did he alter his style, though of course he hardly carried his body so erect, and his left side was bent inwards through walking so much one way—in fact, he seldom reversed his order of going, evidently preferring to walk with his left hand on the inside. Weston, on the other hand, turned repeatedly at the starting-point and walked in an opposite direction, and at the close it was difficult to detect any change in his appearance; so that, had he had three hours more, he would in all probability have won, for O'Leary became very giddy in his 520th mile, and it was very palpable that he was not capable of much more exertion. Weston was weighed on the following day, when he scaled 13st. 9lb., but 12oz. less than when he began walking. We have not ascertained what O'Leary lost in weight, but we should think not less than 8lb. His feet are not in good condition, both heels being still raw, whilst the big toe of his right foot also is blistered; but in other respects he is perfectly sound. O'Leary attributes the bad condition of his feet to the hardness of the track, which on Saturday had become as hard as adamant. We may add that we paid the stakes (£1,040) yesterday (April 10) to Mr. Hague, O'Leary's backer, and that O'Leary's friends intend celebrating his success with a banquet, which will probably be held at the latter end of the week at the Cannon-street Hotel. Both tracks were remeasured after the conclusion of the walk, and it was found that the outer one (O'Leary's) was about 4in. over the required measurement, and that the inner one (Weston's) was 2ft. over, so in reality Weston must have traversed 1 mile 573yds. 1ft. over the 510 miles with which he is credited."

FIFTY-MILE MATCHES.—J. E. Dixon of the Mars Football Club, on March 31, at Lillie Bridge, London, Eng., attempted to walk 50 miles in 8h. 45m., but failed, though he covered the distance in 8h. 54m. 40s. The best amateur record for fifty miles is 9h. 4m. 52⅝s. Dixon was attended by Bill Newman.....April 12, at Darlington, one-armed Richard Peacock, aged 19, essayed the task of walking this distance in ten hours, and won, the time occupied being 9h. 43m. 37s. M. Bogoe and J. Gray were judges and timekeepers.....On the same day, at the Guildford Cricket Ground, A. Hancock made a gallant effort to walk fifty miles in 8h. 40m. He did the first mile in 7m., second in 8m., the first ten in 1h. 29m., and the full distance within six minutes over the specified time. Mr. Lucas, referee.

THE NEWMARKET HANDICAP.—The Craven meeting was held at Newmarket, Eng., last week, commencing April 16. On the second day the chief event of the meeting took place, being the Newmarket Handicap, of 25 sovs. each, 15 forfeit, with 400 sovs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards. There were ten starters, and the winner was Lord Vivian's b. c. Hidalgo, by Pero Gomez, out of Nightingale, by West Australian, 3yrs., 81lb.; W. Milner's ch. c. The Cheetah, by Sundeelah, out of Ada Linne, 3yrs., 80lb., second; Mr. Crawford's b. c. Morning Star, by Farmeson, out of Wild Flower, by King Tom, 4yrs., 98lb., third. Betting at start—10 to 1 against Hidalgo, 6 to 1 against Cheetah, and 7 to 1 against Morning Star.

PETER CROSSLAND now challenges anybody to walk him, for from forty-eight hours to six days, for £1,000 a side.

BILLIARDS.

SEXTON'S OPENING.—The new room in Central Park Garden, this city, was opened on the 21st inst. There was a large attendance of amateurs, and among the experts present were Slosson, Garnier, Rudolphe and Maurice Daly. Of the several short games played, Sexton won two, and Rudolphe one, the latter's victim being Garnier. The new room has eleven Collender tables, and the personal popularity of its manager, William Sexton, should make a success of it during the Summer months. It has not been designed as a Winter habitation.

THE latest scheme for a tournament was that the players entering should make a pool of $250 each—entries unlimited. It fell through, crushed by its own inherent richness. Before any new tournament is devised, the last one should be closed up. One of the prize-winners had not, up to last week at least, received his money, while the referee had been paid in part only.

JOHN ROBERTS JR. had been flatteringly received in Calcutta, where in February last he gave a series of exhibitions. On the 23d of that month he was to have played at the rooms of the Bengal Club.

PIERRE CARME.—This expert, after a long residence in South America, is reported by one of our Australian correspondents as giving exhibitions in New South Wales.

SEXTON reports that George Stone, now in Galveston, Texas, has improved wonderfully in play since he left this city. He also reports that George has made himself very popular among the Texans.

THE PREMISES occupied until recently by Adrian Izar as a billiard-room being destined for other uses, that gentleman has had to vacate.

IN LONDON, Eng., on April 3, T. T. Taylor gave J. Bowell 2h in 1,000 points, English game, and won by 71. The round stake was $1,000.

"DUMP" RHINES of Chicago expects to be well enough, footwise and otherwise, to walk Daniel O'Leary upon the latter's return to that city.

RALPH BENJAMIN has removed his family to this city.

JOHN GALVIN, whose health is now restored, is at present disengaged.

THE RING.

MIKE HENRY'S TESTIMONIAL.—The entertainment gotten up as a mark of esteem for and the replenishment of the purse of the popular Brooklyn sporting man Mike Henry took place at the Athenæum, in that city, on the evening of the 16th inst. It was very largely attended, and the performance was prolific of interesting features, which combined made an unusually good entertainment. The leading sets-to were those between Prof. Ottignon and Johnny Dwyer (a reproduction of their skillful display at Kelly & Leon's), Warry Edwards and Mike McGlade, Prof. McClellan and Arthur Mullen, and Billy Edwards and "Frankey." The other bouts were between John Leary and J. W. Whitney, Robinson and Stack, Riley and McAleer. The other portions of the show embraced singing by Tom Nolan, George and Mike Marks, the Empire Brothers in their musical specialties, and Lancashire clogging by McDermott and Sheenan. Tom Nolan officiated as master of ceremonies.

AMPUTATED.—Arthur Chambers, on the 14th of May last, had the misfortune to have his finger badly bitten by a man during a disturbance at Frank Gormley's saloon, in Philadelphia. Erysipelas set in, and Arthur was laid up for eight weeks. The finger was saved, but has since been useless, being stiff and unyielding, and accordingly, on Saturday, April 21, it was amputated by Dr. Pancoast. The finger was the middle one on the left hand. The surgeon worked with him for about half an hour, using one hundred grains of washed sulpuric acid, and over three drachms of chloroform, before Chambers was in a proper state to operate upon. The finger was amputated at the knuckle-joint, and it took the Professor just one minute and twenty-nine seconds to perform the operation. The sturdy patient is getting along nicely, but will have to remain within doors for some days yet.

JIM MACE has made quite a sensation in Sydney, Australia, where he is to remain until the end of April, and then go to Melbourne. A letter received by Chas. E. Davis of Chicago, Ill., says that Jim has received offers of $300 per night for a series of appearances before the footlights, and at last account was engaged to appear at the School of Arts.

DWYER AND TAYLOR.—Owing to a painful accident to Johnny Dwyer, who badly sprained his foot on the 17th inst., the glove match between him and Steve Taylor, which was to have taken place this week, has been postponed until Thursday, May 10,

C. BISHOP was the winner of the amateur feather-weight champion belt, competed for at the City Gymnasium, London, Eng., April 10. The competitors had to scale under 126lb. J. Collinson beat F. Stirling, but allowed Bishop to walk over.

TOM ALLEN arrived in St. John, N. B., April 20.

"TURF, FIELD AND FARM" BADGE.—This trophy was competed for finally by a large number of marksmen at Creedmoor, L. I., April 21. The distance was 200yds., ten rounds, standing position, and W. Hayes won the badge for the third time, and, as he had taken it twice previously, it became his personal property. His score was 43 out of a possible 50.

IRA A. PAINE shot two matches at small birds at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, London, Eng., April 10, his opponent being Mr. Carr. The first contest, at 15 birds each, 21yds., was won by Paine, scoring 8 to 5; the next at 10 birds, same distance, was taken by Carr, who scored 6 to 5.

BOWLING.

NEW YORK vs. BROOKLYN.

The Terpsichores, on the night of April 20, could only muster eight men to play a game for place with the Columbias. The immortal eight who went so far to battle for the dancing bowling club deserve credit for their pluck and endurance. At nine o'clock, the full team of the Terpsi. not showing up, the game was forfeited to the Columbias; but rather than disappoint the elite of Brooklyn, who assembled in large numbers, in full expectancy of seeing a noble struggle for the supremacy, two teams of eight were made up, headed by the original captains, and a friendly battle with the balls raged in good-natured fierceness for the space of one hour and forty minutes, the result being a victory for the New-Yorkers by a majority of 32 pins. The alleys up to the chalk-line were covered with chalk, and therefore were not slippery, which suited Charley, as will be seen by his score, he leading both teams with 191 pins. Mercur, Greentree and Biele did not bowl as they could, but it seemed impossible for them to get the hang of the right-hand alley, and to Henry Groh the credit belongs of winning the game, for he made the most difficult spares—and that's what counts in bowling. Moore and Woods did well for the Columbias, but Staples and Wilsey fell away off from their usual average, after the fourth frame, up to which time their team was ahead. Several matches were afterwards rolled by the principal members of the teams, the most exciting being between Eisman and Moulle on one side, and Menginger and Wilsey on the other, in which the honors were carried off by the New-Yorkers. The following is the score of the regular match:

TERPSICHORES.		COLUMBIAS.	
Eisman	191	Woods	152
Greentree	119	Moore	161
Biele	119	Williams	134
Rollings	117	Meninger	124
Groh	160	Staples	128
Peckham	129	Smith	146
Mercur	129	Romans	120
Moulle	145—1100	Wilsey	103—1068

PECK SLIP vs. SOUTH SIDE.

The first game of a series between these clubs was played on the alleys of the Broadway Club April 19, and resulted in the defeat of the South Side boys. Notwithstanding the unsuitable the friends of both teams, and considerable interest was taken in the match. It was evenly contested up to the sixth frame, when the Peck Slips warmed up to their work, and went through this frame without a single break. From this time until the end, the South Sides fell off badly in their bowling, and when nearing the finish the winners made so many strikes and spares that it was almost impossible to overtake them. Thurman led the score with a well-put-together 200, and Schottler of the vanquished side came within 18 pins of him. Moller of the Athletics acted as umpire, and the time of playing was two hours and forty minutes. The following is the score:

PECK SLIP.		SOUTH SIDE.	
Shutt	155	McDermott	171
Thurman	204	Held	168
Shoemaker	129	Rodeich	113
Hallers	109	Mathias	83
Ashoff	156	Tietjen	124
Germain	179	Thomas	132
Kitchen	168	Moore	152
J. Schroeder	178	Smith	162
Krussa	115	Maher	153
C. Schroeder	150	Schottler	182
Holman	178	Piper	139
Peters	128—1834	Haffner	148—1718

SATURDAY NIGHTS vs. CUSTERS.

The return game between the above clubs was played on the alleys of the former April 17, and resulted in the defeat of the young Custers by six pins. The game throughout was remarkable for its closeness and bad bowling, the members of both teams not seeming to care whether they won or not, until the tenth frame, when both parties exerted themselves. In the fourth frame a waterpipe burst directly over the chalk-line, and for a while it looked as if boats would be in demand; but, a plumber being handy, the leak was stopped, and the game went on, "poodles" following each other in quick succession. The end was reached in two hours and thirty minutes by Friend making a deserving spare, and bringing his team out of the jaws of defeat. This makes a tie between the two clubs, and the deciding game will be played on Thursday, April 26, on the Empire Alleys. Mr. Naething acted as umpire, and the score follows:

SATURDAY NIGHTS.		CUSTERS.	
Elsmath	118	Sabin	108
Groh	135	Sielken	148
Biele	119	Mahnken	138
Greentree	135	Plummer	135
Fitzpatrick	115	Webster	152
Potter	120	Bruning	98
Donegan	112	Fielde	147
Mercur	123	Van Raden	96
Friend	159	Waibel	145
Moulle	149—1287	Wallace	114—1281

THE PIN KNIGHTS AND THEIR GUESTS.

On April 17 the Knights had for guests a number of their lady friends, who indulged in the exercise of bowling, which seemed to be as fascinating to them as it is to their brothers. A ten-frame game was played, the scores ranging from 50 up to 90, and when two pins or less were on the alley the ladies rarely missed them, showing a proficiency in the art of making spares that called forth applause from the sterner sex. After their game was finished, H. Fink and Altebrand chose sides, and some fine bowling was shown for the benefit and gratification of the ladies. Ed. Anderson led the score with 205, and Doctor Fackner made five strikes in succession; still, their side could not win, as the bowling of Fink's men was too steady, and the latter won by 37 pins. The score follows:

H. FINK'S SIDE.		ALTEBRAND'S SIDE.	
H. Fink	148	Altebrand	175
J. Fink	166	Anderson	205
McAusland	178	Fackner	171
Colon	172	Oberig	147
Struse	120	Bailey	101
Kohlas	177— 969	Krudop	123— 922

THE HERMAN CLUB.

A number of clerks employed in the glassware business assembled at Moran's April 19, preparatory to organizing the above club, and tested the brittleness of the pins by rolling solid balls at them. The novices were not long in getting the hang of the alleys, and when they did, as the score will show, strikes and spares became common. Benning's 177 were well put together, and David's 186 astonished every person, as he never bowled before. The score:

BENNING'S SIDE.		FINK'S SIDE.	
Benning	177	Fink	148
Seidorf	145	Krudop	144
Sello	149	Davids	186
Gilman	168— 639	Matthews	118— 597

BOSTON CAPTURED NEW YORK.—On April 19, Joe Sutcliffe of Boston and Patsy Cullin of Brooklyn met on Moran's Alleys, and a banter from Boston was eagerly accepted by New York—the best two out of three games to decide the contest. The first game was won by the Brooklyn boy, the score standing 175—139. The outside betting was now in favor of Patsy, but the Bostonian riddled their hopes by winning the second game with a score of 188 to 184, and this made the betting even; and the playing in the final game was very close until the last frame, when Sutcliffe put on the steam and won the match, the score standing 166 to 148. In the three games New York made 505 pins and Boston 493, but the heats did the business.

THE EMPIRES and Pin Knights will face each other on April 26 at the Terpsichore Alley, and on this same night the Custers and Saturday Nights play their deciding game on the Empire Alleys.

THE QUOIT GROUND at "The Cottage," 122 East 125th street, Harl

HOP-LOO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Hop-Loo was a gray barbarian,
Industr'ous, calm, sedate,
Who sailed from the Flowery Kingdom
And entered the Golden Gate.

In the City of San Francisco,
Where countless Celestials lurk,
He opened a modest laundry
And quietly went to work.

In vain did he furl his pigtail,
In vain were his words but few—
The populace didn't like him,
And vowed that he wouldn't do.

He had no civilization,
He didn't run 'round o' nights
With a knife or pistol, howling
For somebody else's lights.

His method of doing business
Caused numberless loud regrets,
For he set them the bad example
Of paying his honest debts.

Thus numerous points of breeding
Were lacking; so, in a word,
As he had no civilization,
His conduct was most absurd.

Then various execrations
Pursued him along the street,
Till at last the popular feeling
Rose up to a fever-heat.

And throngs of the outraged people,
With hideous hoots and groans,
Surrounded his laundry windows
And battered them in with stones.

They severed his sacred pigtail,
They covered his shirts with mud,
And argued the merry notion
Of drawing his heathen blood.

Unluckily, he, possessing
But a limited sense of fun,
Delivered to them the contents
Of a double-barreled gun.

And now in a dreary prison,
Bemoaning his wretched lot,
He's serving a lengthy sentence
For firing that wicked shot.

The moral of this narrative
Is one to be read with ease—
That it's dangerous work for heathens
To try any tricks like these.

EDWARD E. KIDDER.

A DIVER'S PERIL.

What He Saw in a Steamer Wrecked near Cape Race.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. S. FERGUS.

The life of a diver is a most fascinating one, because, almost above all other professions and pursuits, it has the charm of terror and peril. Besides this, the interminable succession of exciting events, the wandering for miles along the unknown regions far below the sea, exploring the secrets concealed in the hidden depths of the ocean, make the professional diver feel that his life is one far above those of ordinary mortals, who must be content to gaze upon the surface of the waters while he dives down into them and investigates their mysteries. I am a diver, and I am proud of it. Nowhere else, even in the life of a soldier, is such courage required as in this my chosen mode of life. But to my story.

Not long ago an appalling shipwreck occurred upon the coast of Newfoundland, at its wildest part, near Cape Race. A steamer was reported missing. For days and weeks nothing had been heard of her. Those who had friends on board hoped against hope, but tidings at last arrived which proved only too surely that she had gone down with all on board. Whether she had been put out of her course by adverse currents, or had failed to sight the land owing to the dense fogs which prevailed, or had become disabled and drifted helplessly ashore, is one of the secrets that shall never be known until the sea shall give up its dead, for none survived to tell the tale.

The agents of the vessel directed me to proceed to the spot, and, if possible, ascertain if anything was left of the vessel. I at once left for St. John's, taking with me a young man named McDermott, who had been my "chum" on many a like occasion, and was steady and possessed of dauntless courage. After tedious delay we reached the neighborhood of Mistaken Point—so called because it has been so often mistaken for Cape Race—and the fishermen in the neighborhood pointed out to us the spot where it was most likely that the ship had struck and gone down. I had brought with me from St. John's four men familiar with the working of the air-pumps and divers' apparatus, and we hired a small sloop with her crew to carry us to the place.

When we reached the place where we proposed to descend into the water, the day was calm and pleasant, but small, suspicious-looking clouds were gathering in the southern and eastern horizon, and boded a breeze. However, we were not to be put off by a little cloudiness of the sky, and boldly prepared for our venture. We went under the sails of the sloop, and McDermott and I proceeded to don our armor. We fixed on our helmets tightly and screwed on the hose. One by one each clumsy article was adjusted. The weights were hung, and we were ready.

"It looks terrible blackish down there," said Mac to me.

"Oh," I replied, laughing, "it's only the shadow of the rocks. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" said he in a voice that sounded terribly gruesome from the depths of his helmet.

I made the signal to the men and was swung over the side, Mac following close after me. It did not take long for us to reach the bottom, and we threw ourselves upon what seemed a broad plain, sloping southward, and rising slightly towards the north. In front of us loomed a dark object, which our experienced eyes knew to be a lofty rock, and I motioned to Mac that we should go there.

I cannot describe the queer sensation that one experiences when walking on the bottom of the sea for the first time. Even to him who has dared the deed a hundred times there are thousands of objects fitted to excite astonishment. All around us lay the plain, covered with water; but here the eye could not pierce far away, as in the upper air, for the water at a distance grew opaque, and seemed to fade away into misty darkness. Fishes of every shape and size met our eyes, no matter where we turned. They seemed to regard us with intense curiosity, and sometimes half a dozen at a time would get directly in front of us, and stare at us as only a fish can stare, solemnly working their gills. When we came close up to them they would dart away.

All this time we were walking onward along the bottom of the sea, while above us, like a black cloud in the sky, we could see our boat slowly moving on the surface of the water. We had reached within fifty yards of the rock, when Mac shook my arm and pointed upwards. Following the direction of his hand, I looked up, and saw the upper surface of the water all foamy and in motion. We were in a dangerous condition. A storm was coming on!

But the black rock was straight in front of us. Should we turn back now, when so near the object of our search? No, I would not. I signaled Mac to go forward, and we still kept our course.

Now the rock rose up before us, black, rugged and dismal. Its rough sides were covered in some places by marine plants and nameless ocean vegetation, and were carved into the most fantastic shapes by the action of the water. We passed onward, clambered over a spur which jutted from the cliff, and there lay the steamer, upright, and with her lower spars still standing. She had gone right down, and had settled in such a position among the rocks that she stood upright, just as though she lay at her wharf. We rushed eagerly along, and clambered up her side. There was a low moan in the water, which sounded warningly in our ears, and told us of swift approaching danger. What was to be done must be done speedily. We hurried forward. Mac rushed at once to the cabin, while I descended the companion-ladder into the engine-room. All was water there. The waves of the ocean had entered, and were sporting with the works of man. I went into the freight-room. Suddenly I was startled by an appalling noise on deck. The heavy footsteps of someone running, as if in mortal terror, sounded in my ears. Then my heart throbbed wildly, for it was a fearful thing to hear far down in the silent depths of the ocean.

"Pshaw! It's only Mac," said I, and I hurriedly rushed on deck—that is, as hurriedly as my cumbrous armor would permit.

It was Mac.

He stepped forward and clutched my arm. He pressed it with a convulsive grasp, and pointed to the cabin. I attempted to go there. He stamped his foot, and tried to hold me back. He pointed to the boat, and implored me, with frantic gesture, to go up.

It is appalling to see the horror-struck soul trying to express itself by signs. It is awful to see these signs when no face is plainly visible and no voice is heard. I could not see his face plainly, but his eyes, through his heavy mask, glowed like coals of fire.

"I will go," I explained. I sprang for him. He clasped his hands together, but dared not follow.

Good Heavens! I thought, what fearful thing is here? What scene can be so dreadful as to paralyze the soul of a practiced diver? I will see for myself.

I walked forward. I came to the cabin-door. I entered the forward-saloon, but saw nothing. A feeling of contempt for Mac's cowardice came upon me. Yet I was awe-struck. Down in the depth of the sea there is only silence—oh, how solemn! I paced the long saloon, which had echoed to the shrieks of the drowning passengers. I walked to the after-cabin door and entered.

O God of Heaven!

Had not my hand clenched the door with a grasp which mortal terror had made convulsive, I should have fallen to the floor. I stood horror-stricken, nailed to the spot. For there before me stood a crowd of people—men and women and little children—caught in the last death-struggle by the overwhelming waters, and each fastened to the spot where Death had found them. They had been at the dining-table, for the table was yet in position, and a few things remaining on it intensified the horror of the picture. It seemed like a very banquet of the dead. Each one had started from the table at the shock of the striking ship, and, with one common emotion, all had made a rush for the door. But the waters of the sea had been too swift for them. There they all stood, some wildly grasping the table, others the beams, others the sides of the cabin. Women, mothers with babes clutched in the death-grasp of loving arms, glared at me with a stony, fixed appeal in their staring eyes. Near the door was a crowd of people, heaped one upon another—some on the floor, others rushing over them—all seeking madly to gain the outlet. There was one man who sought to clamber over the table, and still was there, his left hand holding on to an iron post. So strong was each convulsive grasp, so fierce the struggle of each with death, that their hold had not yet relaxed, but each one stood and looked frantically to the door.

To the door—good God! To me, to me, they were looking! They were glaring at me, all those dreadful, those terrible eyes!—eyes in which the fire of life had been displaced by the chilling gleam of death—eyes which still glared, like the eyes of the maniac, with no expression. They froze me with their cold and icy stare. They had no meaning, for the soul was gone. And this made it still more horrible than it could have been in life, for the appalling contortion of their faces, expressing fear, horror, despair, and whatever else the human soul may feel, contrasting with the cold and glassy eyes, made their vacancy yet more fearful. The man on the table seemed more fiendish than the others; for his long black hair was dishevelled and floated horribly down; his beard and moustache, all loosened by the water, gave him the grimness of a demon, and his right arm, as it swayed back and forth with the motion of the water, seemed as if he were hurling anethemas at me. Oh! what woe and torture! what unutterable agonies appeared in the despairing glances of these faces—faces twisted into spasmodic contortions while the souls that lighted them were writhing and struggling for life.

I heeded not the dangerous sea, which, even when we touched the steamer, had slightly rolled. Down in those awful depths the swell would not be very strong, unless it should increase with tenfold fury above. But it had been increasing, though I had not noticed it, and the motion of the water began to be felt in these abysses.

Suddenly the steamer was shaken and rocked by the swell. At this all the hideous forms were shaken and fell. The heaps of people rolled asunder. That demon on the table seemed to make a spring directly towards me. I fell, shrieking—all were after me, I thought. I rushed out, with no purpose but to escape. I sought to throw off my weights and rise. But the iron fastenings had grown stiff, and, though I pulled with frantic exertions, the weights would not come off. One I wrested off in my convulsive efforts, but the other still kept me down. The tube, also, was lying down still in my passage-way through the engine-room. I did not know this until I had exhausted my strength and almost my hope in vain efforts to loosen that weight. And still the horror of that scene in the cabin rested upon me.

But where was Mac? The thought flashed across me. He was not there. He had returned. Two weights lay near me, which seemed thrown off in terrible haste. Yes, Mac had gone. I looked up; there lay the boat, tossing and rolling among the waves.

I rushed down to the engine-room to go back so as to loosen my tube. I had come through the passages carelessly, and the tube lay just as it had been uncoiled from the boat as I went along. I hurried back in haste to extricate myself; for, if all the gold in Golconda were in the vessel, I would not stay in company with the dreadful dead. Fear lent wings to my feet. I hastened down the stairs into the lower hold once more, and retraced my steps through the passages below. I walked back to the place where I had first descended. It was dark. A new feeling of horror shot through me. I looked up.

The companion-hatch was closed!

Heavens! Was it closed by mortal hands? Had Mac in his panic-fight blindly thrown down the hatch, which I certainly had left open after passing down? Or had some fearful being from the cabin—that demon who sprang towards me—

I started back in terror.

But I could not wait here; I must go. I must escape from this den of horrors. I sprang up the companion-ladder, and tried to raise the hatch; it resisted my efforts. I put my helmeted head against it, and tried to raise it. The rung of the ladder broke beneath me, but the hatch did not give an inch. My tube came down through it and kept it partly open, for it was a strong tube, and kept expanded by the close-wound wire. I seized a bar of iron, and tried to pry it up. I raised it slightly, but there was no way to get it up farther. I descended to the deck again, hunted around, and found some blocks. With these I raised the heavy hatch, little by little, placing a block in to keep what I had gained; but the task was laborious, and I had worked a long while before I had raised it four inches. The sea rolled heavily. The submerged vessel felt its power and rocked. Suddenly she heeled over and lay upon her side. I ran around to get on the deck above, so as to try to lift the hatch. But when I reached it no other outlet I found it was impossible to do so, for the length of my tube would not permit me to go so far; and then I would have died a thousand deaths rather than have ventured again so near the cabin. I returned to the fallen hatch. I sat down in despair and waited for death. I saw no hope of escape. This, then, was to be my end.

But the steamer gave a sudden lurch, again acted upon by the power of the waves. She was balanced on a rock in such a way that a slight action of the water was sufficient to tip her over. She creaked and groaned and labored, and then turned completely over on her side. I rose, I clung to the ladder. I pressed against the hatch with all my strength while she lay with her deck perpendicular to the ground. It opened. I sprang out and touched the bottom of the sea. Thank God! I was saved. But I was just in time, for in a moment afterwards she rolled back to her old position. Then, with a last effort, I twisted the iron fastening of the weights which kept me down; I jerked and turned it. It was loosed, it broke, it fell! In a moment I began to ascend, and in a few minutes I was floating in the water, for the air which is pressed down for the diver's consumption constitutes a buoyant mass, which raises him up from the sea.

Thanks to Heaven! There was the strong boat, with my bold, brave men. Mac had fled from the horrid scene when I entered the cabin, but remained in the boat to lend his aid. He has forsaken the profession, and has become a sea-captain. As for me, I will never go down except to vessels whose crews have been saved.

SUICIDAL.

In London (Eng.), during last year, 298 cases of suicide were registered, corresponding identically with the number in 1875, and within three of the average annual numbers in the ten years 1866-75, after correction for increase of population. More suicides take place during the Winter than in Summer; 83 and 77 were registered in the first and last quarters of the year, and 69 in each of those ending respectively in June and September. These 298 suicides were in the proportion of 8.3 per 100,000 of the population. Recently the mortality statistics relating to New York during 1876 show that 150 suicides occurred in that city, equal to 14.1 per 100,000, or nearly double the rate in London. The New York statistics on the subject are in several respects more complete than those afforded by the Registrar-general's returns for London. With regard to the nationality of the New York suicides, 74 of the 150 are said to have been Germans, 21 Irish, 9 English, while not more than 38 are owned as natives of the United States. The high proportion of suicides in New York compared with that in London is due to the suicides of Germans. The proportion of the different forms of death chosen by the suicides in London and New York differ in a remarkable manner. Twenty-three per cent. of the suicides in London resulted from drowning, and only six per cent. in New York. In London 9 per cent. were caused by cut-throat or other incised wounds, and 23 per cent. by hanging; whereas in New York the proportions were only 8 and 13 per cent. respectively. In London the proportions of suicides by gunshot and poison did not exceed 6 and 19 per cent.; they were equal to 26 and 35 per cent. in New York. Drowning, hanging and cut-throat, the three favorite forms of suicide in London, do not appear to have corresponding attractions for those stricken with suicidal mania in New York, who far more generally choose poison or the revolver.

JAPAN has a wonderful post-office department—for a new country. During 1876 postal-letters, communications, and other articles transported through the mails numbered 30,362,614; the total amount of transportation was 13,408,115 miles; and the total cost of the department was only $713,344, owing to small salaries and cheap labor. Of the registered letters containing money only six were lost. No straw routes or steels. A most extraordinary country is Japan.

"LILY MELVILLE."—With the spring of a lion, he caught the man by the throat, and hurled him back. The lady staggered for a moment, but by grasping the back of one of the high chairs she kept herself from falling or fainting.

IL RICORDO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My happy dream has vanished,
My cherished idol's dust,
The dearest links in memory's chain
Are covered o'er with rust.
In the bed where roses perfume shed
The cruelest thorns have crept,
And every chord within my heart
By sorrow's tune is swept:
O crude! "Ladro" mio!
Infelice assai son Io.

Our paths henceforth must severed be,
We twain must drift apart,
Leaving the *past* behind us
Each with a sadder heart;
Each to fight the battle
Forgetting Cupid's dart,
I with the cypress trailing
Its rude branches o'er my heart.
Si crude! amato mio,
Infelice assai son Io.

The dream of love is ended
As ends a Summer day,
And the idol of a life-time
A thing of common clay;
The shrine of truth offended,
It's beauty swept away—
Ah! vain indeed to worship
A Will-o'-the-wisp.
Crudele "Ladro," mio,
T'amava conne "Idolo,"
Infelice assai son Io, Addio!

MARIE T. COURCELLES.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

He flies, poor moth, to bathe his wings in light,
And finds the flame more bitter than the night.

At certain abrupt bends and curves in its course a river-stream will run more quickly; at a cataract it dashes on its way, ignorant of the rocks below, blind with impetuosity.

Clarence Clifford's life-stream had reached a bend, and it was rushing on swiftly, almost madly. Having broken from its anchorage, his life soon consisted of one uninterrupted course of pleasure. Five thousand a year goes a long way if a man does not gamble, and is in the slightest degree careful to live within his income. Five thousand pounds furnished Clarence Clifford with a host of various chambers, a good stock of hacks and hunters, a first-class valet, the entree to most of the best houses in town, and the membership of the five principal clubs. He could play billiards now and ride as well as Mr. Besant himself—better, perhaps, for Clarence Clifford knew no fear, and found pleasure in riding a hard-mouthed, iron-limbed gray, the terror of the stablemen and the admiration of the Row.

Only those who have tried the adjuncts know how much good and fashionable dress, the sense of power bestowed by wealth, and the regular intercourse with men of the highest breeding do towards finishing nature's noblemen. Clarence Clifford was handsome enough, haughty enough, daring enough, and, to quote Miss Dalton, "hard-hearted enough." She thinks him the very pattern of the Sparkletons, who have not yet given up their petite conversaziones and well-appointed dinners. Quick of eye, yet outwardly haughtily indifferent, his well-set limbs—hardened by exercise—posed well with a natural grace, one white, strong hand grasping the hush-bag, while the other strokes the thick moustache that helps with the hand to hide the inexpressible smile of scorn and heart-weariness upon his clean-cut lips.

"My dear Mr. Clifford, how do you do?" exclaims Miss Dalton, welcoming him with empressement. "I thought you never coming. Isn't it crowded?" in a whisper: "Pity the dear Singletons get such herds and flocks."

"Do you think so? Perhaps we should not be here unless they did," was the cool reply. "You do not look warm nor crowded," he added, dropping into a seat beside her with the assurance of a man who knows it has been reserved for him.

"And there is little fear of your being anything else," she retorts amiably, "and the most provoking man one meets. Were you ever out of countenance?"

His face looked grave for a second, but the next the usual look of far-away, haughty nonchalance sat upon it.

"Oh, yes, often; when I am listening, for instance, to such a wonder as that young man," and he nodded sarcastically at the grand pianoforte, at which a Herr Somebody or other was exhibiting unusual fireworks.

"Oh, satirical!" replied the young lady. "Do you not admire anything?"

"Oh, yes, all ladies, and of course ——"

He rose as he spoke, and, with a polite bow, left her to speak with a racing man who had just entered.

We said Clarence Clifford did not gamble; nor did he, but he patronized the turf and won money on it. That can be done without gambling.

"Ah, how d'ye do, Clifford?" said the racing man, greeting him cordially, but with that tone of respect which tells minds feel for their superiors. "Lucky again with that colt of yours. Who'd have thought she had got it in her? That last fence was a cropper for half the field."

"I thought she had it in her," was the calm reply, "for I rode her myself."

"The deuce! and didn't break your neck?" retorted Captain Plover. "You are a strange card. And what did you win—five thousand?"

"You may double that," replied Clarence Clifford indifferently. "And what have you lost on the new colt?"

"Oh, a couple of thousand," groaned the Captain. "Hang me if you were not right. It puzzles me how you got the tips."

"Ah?" retorted Clarence Clifford, with the sneer well shown. "I trust to my own judgment; you trust to stable-helps and rogues, and very often idiots."

He sauntered away towards the piano. Young Dalton was leaning against the instrument, staring hard in the face of the performer, but certainly not listening to the music, nor thinking of him. Frederick Dalton had something else to think about. He started with something like a blush, and his face brightened as Clarence Clifford approached him slowly and came to meet him.

"Hullo, Clifford; thought you never were coming. I'm so glad to see you. What are you looking for?"

"The hostess," replied Clarence Clifford curtly. "I have not made my bow. Wait here, and I will return to you."

The hostess received her dear Mr. Clifford with enthusiasm.

"How kind of you, dear Mr. Clifford! But you are late. Those dreadful clubs! Have you heard Herr-Schonchebowski? What a pity you will have to play after him, poor man! You play so charmingly. Perhaps you will sing? Do; the Prince will be here directly, and I have promised him I would get you to sing."

To all this Clarence Clifford, with unchanging countenance, bowed profoundly, murmured a few low words of acquiescence and sauntered back, perfectly aware of the hundred eyes fixed upon him, and the continued whisper: "There's Clarence Clifford," as he passed gossiping groups. Fred. Dalton caught his arm and led him to the conservatory eagerly

"Don't spoil my coat-sleeve," said Clarence Clifford. "What is it, Dalton? Head over heels again?"

"Yes; confound it," replied Mr. Dalton. "A regular cropper this time, Clifford."

"And you want me to help you?"

"Well, I'm almost ashamed, but a thousand pounds would set me right. You shall have a bill ——"

The smile stopped him.

"Thanks, no. Bills are of little use save as curiosities, and I don't collect, you know. You shall have the money. No gratitude—I don't give it you for that, indeed I don't; you all know that; I give it you for ——"

"Because you're such a jolly good fellow," broke in the grateful Mr. Dalton. "There aint another man in our set who would have done it without a bill. But you shall have the money all right, Clifford, I swear it!" and he held out his hand.

Clarence Clifford took it with a smile half-scornful, half-sad.

"Man's friendship and woman's love can always be bought!" he muttered inaudibly, and then turned aside.

At that moment Lord Harcourt entered the saloon.

"Who is that just entered?" asked Clarence Clifford.

"Lord Harcourt. Don't you know him? Ah, no; I remember he was asking who you were yesterday. He saw you go by on that iron-gray horse of yours. Lord Harcourt said his mouth watered for it."

"He will drown his teeth and yet not get it," retorted Clarence Clifford grimly.

"Oh, he is not a bad sort of fellow, is Harcourt," Mr. Dalton ran on in very different spirits to those he enjoyed before the interview. "He is a very good sort; a regular man of the world, you know. Don't care for a woman, and all that sort of thing. Look at him talking to my sister. She's been trying for him these last two years, but she'll never get him. We were staying together at Besant Towers."

Clarence Clifford started, too slightly to attract attention, and his lips shut tight.

"Where?" he asked.

"At Besant Towers, Harry Besant's place in Berkshire. Do you know Harry Besant? Ah, no, of course not. You only came to town a few months back, and Harry doesn't show in London often. He's a guest of M. F. H., and is going in for Lily Melville of Rivershall ——"

But Mr. Clarence Clifford evidently saw someone at the end of the room to whom he wished to speak, for before Mr. Dalton's sentence was completed he had gone. He passed Lord Harcourt on his way, and the eyes of the two men met. They measured each other's height and bearing with a flash of the eye, and on both sides sprang to life unreasoning, instinctive dislike.

"So that is the Mr. Clifford one hears so much about, is it?" said Lord Harcourt to his companion. "Good air with him, but looks bad-tempered. Where does he come from?"

"Oh, don't know. He's all right, though. Fibbs the lawyer—Fibbs & Cracknell is the firm—is answerable for him. A certain Mr. Clifford died in Switzerland, and left him five thousand a year—some say fifty, but it's only five, I know."

"He rides a good horse," said Lord Harcourt.

"Yes, and keeps a good cellar. Young Dalton dines at his chambers often, and draws upon him sometimes. I fancy he has just had something."

"Ah!" said Lord Harcourt. "A money-lender, eh?"

"No," said his friend—"no; takes no interest—quite for love."

Lord Harcourt stared with a sneer.

"I can't understand it," said he.

"Nor I," replied the friend. "Anyhow, this Clifford is a good fellow. Look at him now. That is no parvenu bow he has just made to the Prince; and see, he is talking to the old dowager as cool as a cucumber."

Lord Harcourt did look, and kept his eyes open. He was always suspicious of mysteries.

The prince was getting more cringing each half-hour. The Prince had arrived, and was talking to the prettiest girl in a comfortable corner. The Duchess was imploring Mr. Clifford to sing.

"Do," she begged. "I almost promised the Prince he should hear you."

But Mr. Clifford remained firm—obstinate, the Duchess inwardly pronounced—when suddenly a little girl who had been clinging to her grace's skirts caught his hand, and, looking up at him with wide-open, beseeching eyes, warbled:

"Do thing when the pretty lady athkth you."

Clarence Clifford started, and, stooping, caught up the child and looked it in the face. As he did so his lips trembled and a slight shudder ran through them. The only other child he had ever held in his arms had died there. With the bitter memory of that night and the dreadful day preceding it, the man of fortune walked moodily to the piano, and immediately commenced to sing, in a low, deep, yet sweet voice, a simple little pastoral. The child drew near to him, and leant against his knee. The Prince stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and Lord Harcourt moved so that he might see the singer, and scowled.

"Hem!" he muttered. "Rides well, talks well, bows well, and sings well—a promising lad!"

"Lad!" repeated a voice near him. "He might return the compliment, then."

Lord Harcourt's face wore its ready smile in a moment.

"I am a keen observer, my dear Miss Dalton," he said carelessly. "Mr. Clifford is not old, though he may look it."

Miss Dalton shook her well-made head, and pouted.

"I won't argue; I want to listen. He has a beautiful voice."

But the singer had ceased suddenly. He had been sitting at the instrument in an easy attitude, half on one side, to make room for the child, his face towards the entrance to the salon. In the middle of the second verse a lady had entered. He had looked up at the slight noise, met the lady's gaze, and the song died upon his lips. He had thought that only one face had the power to move him; but, to his surprise, aye, almost consternation, one other besides that still loved one had, and that one a stranger. He had never seen the face before, not even in his dreams, and yet, as his eyes rested on it and met the deep, peculiar expression, half sad, half restless, and wholly proud, a something seemed to knock at his heart and send the blood leaping through his veins. But he could not sit there staring for long.

"Why don't 'oo thing?" asked the child, and with a start he averted his gaze and finished the song, but in a dreamy, unconscious, absent way, that robbed it of its charm, and set the disappointed listeners talking in the middle. The child, he rose hastily; but the child clung to him, and, gentle at heart as a woman, though the sneer was often on his lips and the scorn so ready to his weary-looking eyes, he could not disentangle its arms, but sat down and talked with it, until the Duchess, having received her late guest's homage, and took the little thing away, much against its will. Then Clarence Clifford rose and looked round the room. The face and its owner were gone. So had Lord Harcourt. Recalled to his usual calm and indifferent bearing by the thrill of disappointment that ran through him at finding the lady had gone, he sauntered up to Mr. Dalton, who was sitting with a literary celebrity and trying to understand him, and proposed that they should go to the club.

"With all my heart," said the young spendthrift eagerly. "I say, old fellow, how jolly you sang! But what was the matter with the middle verse? Forgot it, eh?"

"Forgot it? Yes," replied Clarence Clifford absently. "Come."

Arm in arm the two gentlemen were leaving the room, when suddenly Clarence Clifford withdrew his arm and said:

"Wait for me half a minute on the stairs, will you?"

Then he walked away. He had caught a glimpse of the face in one of the dimly-lit ante-rooms. What he sought, what object was to be attained by following her, he knew not, he did not even ask himself. He was moved by an uncontrollable impulse as unreasoning as that which had filled him with dislike for Lord Harcourt. Pushing aside the curtain, he was about to enter, when a voice stopped him. He drew back, not to listen, but simply because he was half unconscious of the object, and therefore full of hesitation. The lady was not alone. It was a man's voice, a gentleman's—a hard, curt, metallic voice, that proclaimed as hard and metallic a heart.

"Leonora," it said, "I warn you. The time is drawing near. I will not, if you implore me on your knees, grant you another day over the stipulated one. You know me, you know how I am placed, you know ——"

"Enough," came the woman's voice, and at its sound the hand of Clarence Clifford, grasping the curtain, shook and grew cold—"enough of taunts, enough of warnings. Would I were dead, will be here directly, and I have promised him I would get you to sing."

"Dead!" sneered the man's voice. "That is an idiot's paradise. Better live and grow wise, better live and do as I bid."

"Silence!" came the woman's voice. "I will bear no more. Go to our bargain, base hound! The time has not expired. Until it has dare not to breathe warning or threat to me, or I ——"

"What?" he sneered as she stopped—to gain breath, as Clarence Clifford saw, for she had pressed one trembling hand against her heaving bosom.

"What! Ah, what that is not awful?" she answered him fiercely. "Better be in the grave, better be an outcast on the world, than live your slave, subject to your taunts, your vile sneers, your viler commands!"

She made a movement as if to leave him; but the man, whoever he was, stretched out his hand and caught her arm. Thus arrested, Clarence Clifford saw her shudder, shrink as if with loathing and disgust, and heard her utter a smothered cry. The blood that had been bubbling and careering within his young veins boiled over red-hot. His brain, with the spring of a lion, the powerful, bloodthirsty and noiseless, he grasped the man's throat, shook him as he would have done a dog, and hurled him back. The lady staggered for a moment, but by dint of grasping the back of one of the high chairs kept herself from falling or fainting.

Clarence Clifford stood with one hand clenched and ready for a blow, the other hanging at his side, but quite as ready to grasp the throat a second time.

The man had not fallen, and now stood confronting the blazing eyes of his young assailant. His hard, thin lips were red like iron for a moment, and then a sneer curled them as he said huskily:

"Mr. Clifford."

"Lord Harcourt," retorted Mr. Clarence Clifford sternly.

"I shall call upon you to answer for this."

"When and as soon as you please, my lord," replied Clarence Clifford. "But I fear that he who is coward enough to attack a lady so brutally as I have seen you attack this lady but a moment since will scarcely have courage enough to receive his punishment from the hand of a man."

Lord Harcourt's face grew livid, but the sneering smile seemed rooted upon his face.

"If you doubt my courage, lad, ask that lady, of whom you have elected yourself protector, how many have faced Lord Harcourt on Calais Sands and died from their presumption!"

"Good!" said the stern voice. "I feared your courage would have needed a little further filip, and was prepared"—he lifted his hand significantly—"to give it. I wait your summons, my lord."

"And your death," retorted Lord Harcourt, lifting the curtain and passing out.

Clarence Clifford, who had stood riveted to the spot while this parley had been going on, now moved eagerly to find the lady whom he had been fortunate enough to protect. She had gone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

And a million horrible, bellowing echoes broke
And thundered up into heaven the Christless code
That must have life for a blow.—TENNYSON.

Having rescued his fair companion, Clarence Clifford threw himself into one of the many luxurious chairs, and fell to thinking. He had heard of Lord Harcourt's marksmanship; he knew he had winged his man or two on Calais Sands, and bore, besides, the reputation of a charmed life.

"Well," he murmured, divesting himself of his gloves and handing them to his valet, "life has not been overpleasant, death does not seem so dreadful. But there is the other side of the question—he shall not go unpunished."

And with a stern smile he asked his valet to get him his pistol and sword cases. The gentlemanly servant obeyed, and in half an hour while the offensive and defensive weapons were taken from their snug resting-places, Clarence Clifford took up one of the gleaming weapons, and that thrill which animates the arm of every swordsman ran through him at the contact with the smooth handle.

"Now, if I have not forgotten my skill, Lord Harcourt should find his match. Take these down, Norton, and clean them—you know how to do so."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the valet with a confident smile, handling the weapons with ease. "The Major, my master, was a great fencer, sir; he it was who killed Mr. Vernon, and wounded Sir William Tompkinson at Madrid."

Clarence Clifford nodded, and examined the pistols.

"Do you understand these?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I will clean them both, and carefully. Is there anything else I can do, sir?"

"Nothing," said his master. "Be ready when I ring to bring these things up."

The valet, with the cases under his arm, left the room, and Clarence Clifford seated himself at his writing-desk. Before he could arrange his paper, the valet knocked and announced Mr. Dalton.

"Ah, my dear Dalton, here is an invitation; pray accept for me, and arrange with Colonel Hawksley," and he bowed with an easy smile to the restless-eyed officer.

"Ah, now, this is friendly and comfortable," said he as Dalton read the curt challenge and bit his lip. "This is as it should be, Mr. Clifford. Dear me, why should not these little affaires d'honneur always be got through as pleasantly? Hock, please. And as I was about to say ——" and he concluded his anecdote as if the letter had been but a simple invitation to a supper or dinner party, instead of a challenge to the death.

At last the Colonel rose to go, and, Dalton proposing to wait a little way with him, they took their departure, leaving Clarence Clifford to his meditations.

Strange ones they were, but first and foremost was the remembrance of the lady's face, and the musical, agitated ring of her voice. How wonderfully they had moved him! what strange revolution of Fate's wheel had brought about the first meeting, which was doomed to end in a tragedy! Pacing the floor, revolving all this in his mind sadly and with all that callousness bred of a disappointed life, he was about to close the reverie with a scornful laugh, when the valet, who had been waiting for his bell, entered with a small note.

"Who brought it, and who waits?" asked his master, his quick eye scanning the superscription and failing to recognize it.

"A servant in livery, sir, and he was not directed to wait. He has gone."

Clarence opened the note, and read with a slight start:

NOBLE SIR.—I have but an hour since learned your address. I thank you for your chivalrous protection, but I deplore it. O sir! you are young; your mien, your words, proclaim you generous and noble-hearted; do not be led into any rashness as a consequence of the blow you struck for an insulted and outraged woman. Lord Harcourt is implacable, revengeful—a demon in hate and bloodthirstiness. He will, before this reaches you, have sent you a challenge. I implore you, by all you hold most sacred on earth, not to meet him. Let him but induce you to meet him, and you are dead. O sir! by the sacred name of "mother," who will, if on earth, weep for your wasted life, I beseech you to baulk him of his unholy, inhuman revenge!

There was no signature. Clarence Clifford sank into a chair, and sat with the letter in his hand, with one word ringing its changes on his heart—"mother."

"By the name of that mother who, if on earth, will weep for your wasted life," ran the note, and the sentence worried him through the sleepless hours of the night.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Is it worth a tear, is it worth an hour,
To think of things that are well outworn,
Of fruitless husk and fugitive flower,
The dream foregone and the deed forborne?
SWINBURNE.

A drizzling rain was falling through the dark, raw coldness of the morning, and cutting rivulets in the moist sands of Calais. From the dawn the rain had been falling, and now, when the sun should have broken through the thick, gray mist, it was raining still with a noiseless, quiet persistence that, taken in conjunction with the mist, the raw cold, and the mournful plash of the outgoing tide, was suggestive of the utmost misery and discomfort. It was not a morning for anyone save amphibious boatmen and coastguardsmen to be out, yet there were two figures pacing along the damp stretch of sands, shrouding themselves in thick cloaks, and keeping the rain from their faces by dint of forcing their hats low on their foreheads.

"Six o'clock," said one with the voice of Clarence Clifford. "They are late."

"But they will be here, never fear," said Dalton. "Lord Harcourt never breaks his engagements. What a morning! This fine rain wets one through. I hope—oh, how I hope!—that beast of a Hawksley will catch his death."

"The tide is going out," mused Clarence, listening. "There is a sea-bird; he cries as if he were in pain. Ah, look, yonder come our men over the rocks."

They advanced to meet the two similarly cloaked figures, and Dalton, who seemed less anxious but more sad as the time for the meeting drew near, said, in a low voice:

"For Heaven's sake, don't forget, Clifford; aim at his pistol hand and fire at the second. It is no use firing at his heart, for ——"

The opponents had reached them before the sentence was concluded, and Clarence Clifford, who seemed not to have heard it, raised his hat. The salutation was returned, and the two seconds, after raising their hats likewise, drew apart to measure the distance, settle the weapons, etc.

Lord Harcourt stood with folded arms, his face turned from the sea. Clarence Clifford paced slowly up and down, his head held up with a haughty sternness, his eyes flashing and resolute. Colonel Hawksley stepped forward.

"Mr. Clifford," he said with the smooth, polite voice, "Mr. Dalton and I cannot hit it off as one might wish. The choice of weapons is with the challenged. You, he tells me, have left the choice to my friend Lord Harcourt, but he, Mr. Dalton, insists that the pistol shall be used. Now ——"

Clarence Clifford stopped the slow, courteous speech by a wave of his hand.

"Sir," he said, "I am indifferent. Let your principal choose the weapons. All I ask is that he do so quickly, and let me hasten to punish him."

Lord Harcourt made a half-step forward at the cold contempt of the words, but stood still again, and turned a sardonic smile upon the stern young face. Colonel Hawksley conferred with his principal for a moment, then returned, and with the unlucky Dalton informed Clifton that Lord Harcourt had decided to use the sword. Dalton sullenly unlocked the sword-cases, compared the weapons, and raised another question. He would have none but Clarence Clifford's rapiers. The dispute went on for some minutes in a smooth undertone, until Clarence Clifford strode forward, laid his hand upon his second's shoulder, and said:

"Give way. Let me see their swords."

Colonel Hawksley handed him Lord Harcourt's rapiers. He examined them, bent them and weighed one in his hand, then with a careless gesture said:

"That will do. I am ready!"

Dalton turned and walked to the spot with him.

"One word," he whispered in his ear. "Have—have you any message?"

"Message?" repeated Clarence Clifford. "To whom?"

"To anyone," replied the young man, who looked upon his principal as already dead. "To your mother—your sister—your friends."

"I have no mother—no sister—no brother—no friends," came the low, thrilling reply. "I am alone in the world, and ready, quite ready, to leave it, after I have marked this cowardly bullier of women."

Whether these words reached Lord Harcourt or he was impatient, he stepped forward, flung his hat to the ground, threw his coat to Colonel Hawksley, and put himself into position. With calm composure Clarence Clifford removed his coat, handed his hat to Dalton, and confronted him.

"One, two, three, garde!"

Lord Harcourt's opponent's weapon for a moment, miscalculated the strength opposed to him, and made a feint. Instantly the sharp, serpent-like steel of the younger man pierced his arm. He set his teeth hard as he felt the prick, and, with his weapon on guard, looked down into the calm depths of Clarence Clifford's eyes with a glittering, snake-like

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"HOME AGAIN"

is the title of a new drama by Hugh Marston, which was first acted at the Standard Theatre, London, Eng., March 24. The materials of the new piece are taken from the French play "Le Secret de Rocbrun," originally produced in Paris in January, 1874. The scene is laid at Rocbrun, near Avignon, at the beginning of the century, when the exiled aristocrats are returning to their native France. The Count De Rocbrun, wounded and pursued by his enemies, has taken refuge in a peasant's hut, where he has been attended by the peasant's daughter, Claudine, recompensing the good man's hospitality by the seduction of his daughter. The drama commences fifteen years after the above-mentioned events, when the household of the Chateau Rocbrun are celebrating the return of their lord and his son to their estates, which have been preserved by Garousse, an old steward. The return of the heir forms the occasion of much merry-making, but at the same time there appears upon the scene Claudine, the Count's former victim, and her daughter, made the child of her shame. Claudine wishes to meet the Count, that her child may at least be spared the horror of dying of hunger. In dismay she learns he has a son. The Count, after many excuses, meets Claudine, who makes herself known to him, when he avows that he is a widower, and offers to wipe his fault by making her his wife and acknowledging her child. This becomes known to Sivrade, a republican spy and former lover of Claudine. He tells Garousse, and denounces her as an impostor. Garousse, who thinks the honor of the house his charge, remonstrates with the Count, who boldly confesses his former crime, and his determination to make the only reparation possible by marrying the lady he has wronged. Garousse becoming insulting, the Count dismisses him, and the faithful servant, bidding adieu to the scenes he has loved so well, quits the chateau. But meanwhile a new complication has been caused by the Count's son, Arnold, falling in love with Claudine's daughter. Claudine wrings the secret from the girl, and in an agony of mind tells her child her lover is her brother. This brings the third act to a close. The remaining act, by a clumsy and conventional device, removes the relationship, and Garousse, who is shot, lives long enough to see the honor of the house unblemished, and his own son united to Marianne. There is an amusing underplot, furnished by the love escapades of the young Chevalier St. Val, who finds excuses for his amours in his professed liking for natural science and the preservation of butterflies. The cast was as follows: Claudine, Miss Louie Moodie; Marianne, Miss Claire; Count De Rocbrun, Mr. Ireland; Garousse, W. Redmund; Arnold, Mr. Denison; Sivrade, G. Byrne; St. Val, Mr. Percival.

"THE MAGPIE AND THIMBLE,"

a new comedietta by Thomas Smeet, was first acted at the Globe Theatre, London, England, March 17. The story is briefly told, as follows: Mr. Doveton has married recently a smart girl, formerly a barmaid; but the prime object of Mrs. Doveton's life is to forget, and to make others forget, that she has ever devoted herself to "public" life. Unhappily for her aspirations, there appears on the scene an eccentric and deaf old gentleman, Mr. Ruggles, who is ignorant of the fact that, owing to the opening of a railway, the old coaching-house has been turned into a private villa, and is no longer the Magpie and Thimble. Mr. Ruggles makes himself at once at home, to the great horror of the young couple. He calls Mr. Doveton "waiter," and Mrs. Doveton "barmaid;" and, having lost his ear-trumpet, is quite oblivious to their annoyance, and eats the repast provided for them with the greatest composure. After striving in vain to get rid of the intruder, and, the young husband at length finds the ear-trumpet, and an explanation reveals the agreeable fact that the visitor is no other than the uncle of the bride, who has not seen her for fifteen years. W. H. Stephens appeared as Ruggles, Mr. Balfour as Mr. Doveton, and Miss Telbin as Mrs. Doveton.

"LA SORRENTINE,"

a new operetta, music by M. Vasseur, libretto by MM. Noriac and Moineax, has been presented at the Bouffes Parisiens, Paris. The plot is a humble one: Those of "Masaniello" and "Rantzau." Masaniello's grandson gets up a revolution, and his future father-in-law, a barber, who fancies that he has gained a marquisate, betrays the popular cause while feigning to befriend it. There is a Viceroy in Naples (in which city the piece opens) who is about to marry the daughter of the Marquis De Ripaverde, a clever Spanish politician, to the great discontent of the Neapolitans, who have no fancy for providing the funds necessary for the coming festivities. On this union, however, depends the happiness of the said Viceroy's nephew, Carlo, who is to marry on the same day as his uncle the countess Lola. Donna Isabella, the Viceroy's affianced, runs off with a lover on her journey to Naples, and, as the news of this luckless event is only known to Carlo and his betrothed, they invent a scheme for mystefying the Viceroy. The lady knows a very pretty girl, daughter of Concomella, a barber; and as a fortune-teller is to be sent to Terracina that she will wed a great potentate, the Countess is enabled to persuade her that the Viceroy wishes to take her to wife. The girl has certain qualms of conscience because she loves Lazarillo (Masaniello's grandson), but she finally accepts the offer, which has evidently been sent her by destiny, and consents to act the part of the Marquis' daughter, without, however, being aware of the plot invented by Carlo and the Countess. Lazarillo, enraged at the girl's conduct, heads a popular outbreak which is in preparation. The Viceroy is delighted with the pretended daughter of the Marquis (the Ripaverde, and questions her as to the arrival of her father. Teresina is surprised at first, but soon jumps to the conclusion that the potentate has ennobled her father. She accordingly sends for the barber, who is received with great honors. Suddenly the scheme arranged by Carlo and his friends is upset by the arrival of the real Marquis, and matters are made more complicated when Lazarillo comes in the capacity of delegate from the populace to make certain demands to their ruler. The young man reproaches Teresina with her conduct, and the taunts have such effect that she makes up her mind to leave the palace with her old lover, when she finds that the gates are closed, leaving her no means of exit. In the third act we find the rebellion successful, the Viceroy deposed, and Lazarillo set up as ruler in his place. Teresina is still in the hands of Carlo and the Countess, and in order to obtain her release her lover consents to restore his place to the fallen Viceroy, and so all ends in the happiest manner possible. Mlle. Paola Marie appeared as Teresina, Mme. Peschard as Lazarillo, Daubray as the barber, Scipion as the Viceroy, Fugere as Carlo, and Mme. Preily as the Countess.

"LES EXILES,"

a dramatization by Eugene Nus of Prince Lubomirski's novel, was recently produced at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, France, with so much success that a long run is predicted by a correspondent, who thus describes the plot:

The scene is laid at St. Petersburg, in the year 1857, and the curtain rises on the private office of the principal personage in the piece—Schelm—who is chief of the Imperial Police. Schelm is a high-placed functionary, but his ambitions and wishes rise still higher in the social ladder. A stigma attaches to his birth, for he is the grandson of a liberated serf, and the only means by which he can remove the prejudice with which he is regarded is a noble alliance, and he consequently fixed his mind, and also his passion—for, though his hair is already turning gray, Schelm is a man of strong passions—on the young and beautiful Sadege, the sister of Prince Vladimir Lanine. A stronger obstacle in the path of his ambition and love than either his lowly birth or advanced age has to be overcome in the person of a young Frenchman, Max De Lucieres, who had come to St. Petersburg after the Crimean War, and who loved Nadege with a warm affection that is fully returned by her. At the outset of the action Max meets with a singular adventure. Being desirous to study Russian manners intimately, he has obtained admission into a mysterious building, which is the trysting-place of certain bands of gamblers, rouses, and dancers. He thanks a disinterested friend who has provided him with the password, Max is enabled to enter this strange house; but hardly has he been within the walls an instant, before he observes concealed under a black vizor mask, than he is recognized as a Frenchman, denounced as a spy, forcibly garotted, and thrown into the Neva. He is saved by the devotedness of his servant, the faithful Carcassin, who has been in the Russian army in the Crimea. Max repairs to the office of the chief of police, to whom he recounts the attempt that has been made upon his life. In this way chance, but seldom on the scene of a formidable conspiracy, of the existence of which he had been in ignorance, and enables him to invent an infamous scheme by which he will ruin at the same time his rival Max De Lucieres and his fiance Vladimir Lanine, who had refused, in the most insulting manner, to accord him the hand of his sister Nadege. The trap which Schelm lays for Max and Vladimir, and by which he succeeds in effecting their ruin, is one of those that invariably succeed. He induces a former college companion, who is now a poor musician in the orchestra at a ball given by the Grand Duke Peter, to indite a most amorous letter, full of pretended revelations, which inform Vladimir that his wife deceives him, and that she has just left the fete to keep an assignation in the mysterious house where the conspirators have their rendezvous. Blinded by jealousy, the unfortunate Vladimir, with his friend Max, who has offered to introduce him, penetrates into the refuge of the Nihilists; but they had hardly entered when the doors on every side are thrown open, a volley of musketry is rattled among the conspirators, and Schelm, escorted by a strong body of police, and supported by a detachment of soldiers under command of Colonel Palkine, appears through the smoke. This Colonel Palkine plays a role in the piece little less odious than that of Schelm, acting as an accomplice in the latter's infamous plot, and covering all sorts of infamies with the shelter of his name and authority, from no other motive than his hatred towards his cousin, Vladimir Lanine, who had also been in love with his successful rival, both in military career and in love affairs. The arrest of the conspirators and of Max and Vladimir constitutes the fourth scene, and the fifth transports us to Siberia, where we find Vladimir reunited to his faithful wife, Tatiana, and the exile of Max shared by his beautiful *fiance*, Nadege. But Schelm's vengeance is not yet exhausted, and the exiles, after enduring countless petty hardships at the hands of inferior officials, soon find themselves brought face to face once more with that terrible functionary, who has succeeded in obtaining the post of governor-general of the province. He arrives, still more full of hatred and more implacable than at St. Petersburg. By the force of his insults to the young wife of the one and to the betrothed of the other, he forces Vladimir and Max to an explosion of anger and indignation that places them both in the position of rebels, and completely at his mercy. A chance of escape opens, however, for the exiles, by the arrival of a Circassian, who, under a clever disguise, has succeeded in making his way to his master's side, bringing with him a large sum of money, which will, perhaps, enable them to purchase some means of reaching the frontier. The sixth scene brings us to a snow-covered forest. Some of the convicts have succeeded in escaping from their convoy, and, under the guidance of Max and Vladimir, have taken refuge here. Nadege has followed their footprints in the snow, leading the exhausted, delicate Tatiana, who falls frozen to the ground, where she is about to expire when Schelm, who has been in their pursuit, appears. Then ensues a great struggle between him and Nadege. The wretch is more in love than ever. He can save the dying Tatiana, but he refuses to do so unless Nadege consents to become his bride. After a heart-rending scene, in which the young girl, falling on her knees, implores him to rescue her brother's wife, the inhuman monster succeeds in gaining her consent to an infernal pact. Schelm will rescue Tatiana from a certain death by means of a cordial he carries with him, but in exchange Nadege will give her hand to the man she execrates. The seventh scene shows us the horrible union accomplished, and Schelm endeavoring to obtain the rights conferred on him by the marriage ceremony. Nadege seizes a knife from the banquet-table, just left by the wedding guests, and is resolved to stab herself rather than yield herself to him, when Schelm succeeds in disarming her by surprise, and is about to resort to violence when the avengers arrive. These are no others than the exiles, who have been able to overcome the police and soldiery, and now rush upon Schelm. They would club out his brains on the spot, but Max and Vladimir intervene to save the wretch's life, and they leave him gagged and securely bound hand and foot, a prey to a still more horrible fate. Palkine, who considers that his accomplice is desirous to betray him, and that he is the husband of Vladimir's sister, arrives, and, with cynical coolness, taking a candelabrum from the table, sets fire to the four corners of the house, leaving Schelm to be roasted to death. This is the sensation-scene of the play, and it is cleverly managed, the curtain falling as Schelm is left writhing in agony in the midst of the flames. He had succeeded in escaping from his bonds; but the fire is so rapid, and burns him so completely on every side, that escape from it seems impossible. The eighth scene brings us to the banks of the River Angara, near Lake Baikal, at night—a singularly picturesque scene. The exiles, men, women and children, have sought refuge in a sort of log-hut, standing on piles in the middle of the river, and they are awaiting the boat of a ferryman who will conduct them to the opposite shore—that is to say, to a free land, where they will be safe from the pursuit of the soldiery, now close upon their track. When the boat, with its load of human beings, puts off, two men alone remain in the hut, Max and his inseparable Carcassin, who refuse to take the chances of safety, but remain, like Homeric heroes, to defend the flight of their friends by sustaining a valiant combat against the pursuing soldiers. But, after a protracted duel, in which countless Russians bite the dust, the two Frenchmen are at last made prisoners, and Colonel Palkine, who had reached the hut by swimming, in order to stab Vladimir, falls mortally wounded by the hand of one of his own troops. He leaves in the hands of Carcassin a belt full of gold, and in which is also concealed the famous anonymous letter dictated by Schelm. In the ninth and last scene, virtue, it is needless to say, triumphs. Schelm, by some inexplicable means, has been enabled to recapture not only Max and Carcassin, but also Vladimir, his wife and Nadege. The wretch feels himself dying from the effects of his burns—how he had been rescued living from the conflagration is left a mystery—and, hearing that the Grand Duke Peter has arrived, he resolves to have all his captives shot, lest they may obtain the Prince's clemency. The platoon is drawn up, their muskets are leveled at the victims, placed against the opposite wall, when, just as the soldiers raise the weapons to their shoulders, comes the order "Present arms!" and the Grand Duke appears to confound Schelm with the anonymous letter which proves Vladimir's innocence, and which Carcassin had succeeded in placing, with all necessary explanations, in the Prince's hands. Schelm swallows poison, and all ends well. The incidents of this drama are so numerous, and crowded so closely on one another, that the above is only an imperfect summary of them.

The cast was as follows: Schelm, Taillade; Max, Dumaine; Palkine, Lacres-Soniere; Nadege, Mlle. Dica Petit; Tatiana, Mlle. Angele Moreau.

"THE VICARAGE,"

a new version by Saville Rowe of "Le Village," was brought out at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, March 31. *The Sunday Times* (of London) notices it as follows:

Mr. Rowe has gone far beyond the original—has strengthened the characters and deepened the interest, and converted what in the first case was a sketch of country manners into a very sympathetic and touching play. In place of an old-fashioned notary and his wife, who are indeed people to be laughed at, even when we sympathize with them most, "The Vicarage" presents a clergyman and his wife in whom quietude and contentment in the midst of homely surroundings are not only conceivable, but laudable. After thirty years' separation, during which he has lived a thoroughly vagabond life, George Clarke, who, in the course of his wanderings, has acquired the dignity of C. B., determines to visit his old sweetheart, whom his friend, the Rev. Noel Haygarth, was fortunate enough to carry off from him. He finds husband and wife still in the old vicarage, to which, at the time of his marriage, the clergyman had retired. Thirty years have passed lightly over them, and the loss of their only daughter has been the sole calamity that has approached them. Noel has ripened into a fine, benevolent, and scholarly old man, fond of his wife, his books, and his duties. Mrs. Haygarth, attractive still, finds full employment for her time in her domestic ministrations, in attending to the sick of her husband's parish, and in surrounding that husband himself with a love so watchful, it leaves an aspiration for change or activity no time in which to shape itself. An unintentional Mephistopheles, disliking the serenity he sees, the newcomer finds fault with the old-world routine in which the couple live, teaches Mrs. Haygarth how tea should be made, soles cooked, toast browned, and indeed almost how eggs should be sucked. After her departure from the room, he takes a higher flight, assuring his friend that his life is wasted, his mind fossilized, by his stay-at-home proceedings, until the Vicar, at length fairly roused to his surroundings, both in his mood by three or four glasses of old wine and a cigar, which the appearance of a college-chum has brought forth, determines to start with him at once for Italy. Not daring to himself to break to his wife the news, he knows must deeply affect her, he leaves to Clarke the task of telling her the truth. Bold as he is, Clarke is a little afraid of the duty he undertakes. It is not once but in face with a woman whose life has been so much purer and happier than his own, he stands appalled at the mischief he has done. It is too late, now, however, to remedy what is passed, and matters must proceed. Fancy, however, is some relenting in the Vicar himself, and in the close the traveler, touched by some sudden recollections of past loneliness, comes to the conclusion that he has himself chosen the wrong way of life, and elects to stay and share in the future the calm and peaceful existence that had once seemed to him so poor.

Arthur Cecil appeared as the Vicar, Mr. Kendal as Clarke, and Mrs. Bancroft as Mrs. Haygarth.

"BELLE VUE"

is the title given to a dramatization of a story published in an English journal under the title "A Manchester Story." The author of the piece (which was first acted at the Victoria Theatre, London, April 2) is Mr. Quittenden, and the plot is as under:

The piece opens in "the reception-room at Belle Vue," the residence of Sir Harry Hewlett, whose daughter, Henrietta, is being lectured upon the necessity of remaining faithful to Stanley Brookes, to whom she is betrothed. As they talk, an individual described in the bills as "the cloaked stranger" crosses the room and makes his exit by the window. Thus we are justified in anticipating a mystery, and very quickly learn that Henrietta is in the power of "the cloaked stranger," who some time previously had betrayed her, ruined her, and married her; these, at all events, are the accusations she brings against him before the end is reached. When we make the acquaintance of Stanley Brookes he is engaged in rescuing Harry Dalton from the clutches of Tom Barton and Ginger Dick, a couple of returned convicts. He is smitten by her beauty, and sees her to her home, the cottage of old Betty Barton, her grandmother. The old lady shows her gratitude by suspecting the hero of a base design against the girl, and makes her swear to avoid him and to repel his advances. Tom Barton, the old convict, discovers in his granddaughter the very girl he has robbed, he foams at the mouth, raves like a lunatic, and falls senseless upon the floor, this being the curious "situation" on which the curtain falls for the first time. In the second act we are witnesses of the meeting between Stanley Brookes and Henrietta. He has been warned by the "cloaked stranger," and when she says that her love is unchanged, and that she is ready to marry him—she being married already—he puts questions which she declines to answer, and so, of course, he declares that he can never marry her. For this very terrible conduct he is disinherited by his wealthy uncle, Sir Peter, and presently seeks consolation from the pretty Margaret. Old Betty, however, is in the way to inform her granddaughter that she would rather see her in her coffin than that she should marry Stanley. Tom Barton determines to find a husband for her in his convict friend Ginger Dick, and engages an undertaker to perform the ceremony. "Never mind the screams," he says; "my cottage is a very lonely one; get the ring on her finger, and the job will be done. This is but one of the extraordinary features of the author's drama of every-day life. In the meantime the "cloaked stranger" has sought an interview in the forest with Henrietta. He demands money. She recalls the bitter recollections of the past, and heaps upon him the bitterest of reproaches, but promises that, if at midnight he will come to Belle Vue, she will be his accomplice in burglary. Sir Peter Brookes, concealed in a tree, has been a witness of this interview, and so, when the lady has departed, he steps forth to confront the "stranger," the latter drawing a knife belonging to Stanley, and found sticking in a tree, where he has been carving the name of Margaret. With this knife Sir Peter is assailed, and is left apparently dead, this incident terminating the second act. In the third Henrietta attempts to arrest Stanley as the murderer of Sir Peter, although, as Sir Peter pops in to tell us that, after all, he was not stabbed, we wonder much how the "detective" came by his authority for the arrest. Of course Sir Peter is ready to forgive his nephew, and to once more regard him as heir to his estates. Henrietta, determined to revenge herself on her rival, visits Betty Barton's cottage and puts poison in the old lady's tea, the said tea being consumed by old Betty, whose conscience is thereby stirred up; for she proceeds, dying as she is, to Belle Vue, there to tell the old-fashioned story of a change of children at birth. Henrietta, after all, is no heiress, but is, in fact, the granddaughter of the convict; while Margaret is the daughter of Sir Harry, and rightly the heiress of Belle Vue. Henrietta, hearing this, avows her scheme of vengeance, and boasts of her share in the poisoning transaction. In this "drama of every-day life" law is despised and the police are unheard of; and so Henrietta proceeds to carry out another little scheme of vengeance. She admits "the cloaked stranger" to the house; she directs him to the strong box, where money is to be found; while he is at his thieving work, she seizes a gun and shoots him; he returns the compliment by shooting her; he falls dead in the centre of the stage; she expires in the arms of Sir Harry; and upon this picture the curtain finally descends.

"THE STORM-DESD ON BLACK GANG CHINE,"

a new romantic drama by W. Seaman, received its initial representation at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, April 2.

The action opens in a "picturesque glen in the Undercliff," in the Isle of Wight, where Harry Worley meets his betrothed, Hilda Leone, on the eve of his departure for a voyage. The maiden is full of distressing forebodings, and expresses special fear of Hugh Vernum, a wrecker, who covets her hand. Hilda's trouble is increased by finding that her father, Rupert Lowe, will persist in his practice as a wrecker, and her misery is yet further heightened by seeing a man killed on the beach by a person whom in the darkness she takes to be her father. Partly through exclamations which escape Hilda's lips in moments of mental aberration, her father is arrested on the charge of murder. As though her cup of wretchedness was not yet full enough, Hilda next receives tidings of her lover's death at sea; and the climax of her woe is at length reached when she feels impelled to give evidence against her own father when he is brought before a magistrate. Hugh Vernum, by whom the crime was actually committed, now promises Hilda that, if she will consent to marry him, he will procure her father's deliverance, and she, although she hates him, agrees to do so. Vernum now sets himself to work in the neighborhood, and after he is gone gets the crime ascribed to him. Rupert Lowe is liberated from prison, and Vernum is again free to woo Hilda, when he finds her unexpectedly returns. He objects to the prize being taken from him by the villain, and declares that he alone will marry Hilda. Vernum now resolves to get rid of Harry. To effect his purpose he steals upon him when he is walking with Hilda in Foxgloveingle, and is about to stab him when he is shot by Baldy. While duly Vernum confesses his crime, and Hilda and Harry, who at this moment walk in, add his testimony to that of the self-convicted murderer. Nothing now prevents the fortunate Harry from enjoying undisturbed possession of his darling Hilda.

The characters of Harry Worley and Hugh Vernum were sustained respectively by J. W. Hindley and Miss Marie Henderson.

"SCHRIFTEN THE ONE-EYED PILOT."

This is the title of a play by Geo. Conquest and Henry Pettit, founded on the legend of "The Flying Dutchman," and first performed at the Grecian Theatre, London, April 2.

We find ourselves, in the opening scene, at Amsterdam, at the house of the Widow Vanderdecken, who is greatly agitated owing to her fears that her son Philip is about to follow the course of life which ended so disastrously to his father. Of his father's fate the young man is ignorant; but he knows there is an awful mystery hanging over him, and that, in a secret cabinet in the room, papers are kept which will explain it. Philip resolves to go to sea, but is agitated by the appearance of Schriften the one-eyed pilot, who is discovered opening the cabinet. Soon the story of Philip's father is told. He is the Flying Dutchman, who, baffled in his endeavors to double the Cape in stormy weather, threw over his pilot, and swore a terrible oath that he would not be defeated even if he sailed in those waters to the judgment-day. His oath brought a terrible punishment, and he was doomed to remain year after year cruising in the same spot. The pilot, who appears at all critical moments throughout the story, is the evil genius of the son, who, when he learns that there is a holy relic concealed, with other treasures, on a lonely island, determines to go in search of it. He is so successful at sea that he becomes the captain of a vessel, but just when he believes his hopes are about to be gratified the one-eyed pilot is discovered adrift in an open boat. Humanity induces the crew to take him on board; but Philip Vandercken can no longer recognize his direst foe, who prophesies that a vessel they see in the distance is that of the Flying Dutchman, and the crew, alarmed, mutiny, and attempt to throw their captain overboard. The spectral vessel comes, and Philip's vessel is lost. There is a fearful wreck, but Philip and his wife escape—the wife first—to the Island of St. Herman, where lies concealed the treasure belonging to the Flying Dutchman. Here, however, Philip's wife is exposed to the solicitations of Captain Barentz, the Governor of the Island, who had known and loved her before her marriage. He is, however, confronted by Philip, who finds, also, on this spot his ancient foe the pilot. Through a series of exciting incidents the story proceeds until the hidden treasure and the holy relic are discovered, and the soul of the Flying Dutchman is redeemed, and Philip becomes happy and prosperous.

"JEWESS AND CHRISTIAN, OR THE LOVE THAT KILLS,"

a four-act drama from the pen of E. Manuel, was produced at the Britannia Theatre, London, on Easter Monday. The plot follows:

The scene is laid in Algiers, and the period is about 1840, during the earlier years of the occupation of Algiers by the French army. Opening with a brilliant scene in the environs of Algiers, we discover the leading idea of the story in the muttered exclamations of an old Jew, Aaron, respecting his daughter Hannah. The Jew is aware that the beauty and grace of his daughter, more than the excellence of his wares, induce many good-looking cavaliers to make purchases, and some of the French officers are particularly attracted by Hannah. One of these, Hector De Salvoisy, a lieutenant of infantry, has, all unknown to the Jew, succeeded in winning his daughter's affection. A powerful scene takes place when Aaron discovers this. He is on the point of stabbing his daughter with a dagger; but parental instincts prevail, and he hits upon a plan to avoid the shame which he conceives will ensue if it should be known that Hannah has returned the affections of a Christian, and especially a Frenchman. He gives her a sleeping-potion, and the neighbors are called in to witness, as they suppose, the corpse of his daughter. The secret of Hannah's love for Hector had been revealed to Aaron by Kadoudja, who, although engaged to Ali Kanem, secretly loves the Frenchman. But, beyond this difficulty, Hannah has inspired an Arab chieftain, Mahmed El Harib. While Hector is conducting a convoy through the mountains, his party is attacked by the Arabs, and he is made prisoner, the chieftain knowing his love for Hannah, being only too anxious to put an end to his life. But the love of Kadoudja defeats his object. She contrives Hector's escape, hoping to gain his love by this act of devotion. However, in his flight, Hector reaches the cemetery where Hannah has been taken by her father, and there is an impassioned meeting between the lovers, who have been watched by El Harib. The Jew coming to get his daughter, a quarrel ensues, and El Harib is stabbed, but not mortally. Hector upon his return being arrested as a murderer. He is tried by court-martial, and condemned to die. Meanwhile, El Harib, who has charge of Hannah as he imagines, mad with rage and despair, causes her to be thrown into a cataract. But the devoted Kadoudja had taken her place, and eventually the lovers are reunited.

The cast embraced J. Reynolds as the Jew, J. B. Howe as the Arab chieftain, Mr. Rhoyds as Ali Kanen, E. Newbound as Hector, Miss B. Adams as the Jewess, and Miss M. A. Bellair as Kadoudja.

"OUR BABY,"

a comedy written by Edmund Falconer for George Clarke, was produced for the first time on any stage in the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Rochdale, Eng., March 20. Its plot is as follows:

Harry Eversleigh (Mr. George Clarke), a young American in search of adventure, makes the acquaintance of Mr. Mordaunt, a young officer en route to India, under curious circumstances. Somewhere not far from "Derby Junction," in England, Eversleigh, in a lonely spot, is confronted by Ned Johnson, a ticket-of-leave man, who, with pistol in hand, demands his money, having previously taken from Levi Abrams, a Jew peddler, his frugal meal and small stock in trade. Eversleigh is armed with a revolver, and overmatches the convict, and just at that moment Mordaunt comes up. To leave out minor matters, the next thing is a railway-station scene at the Derby Junction, Eversleigh intends going to Liverpool to embarce to New York, and Mordaunt to India. It transpires that Mordaunt has married the daughter of Mrs. Mulevever, and the issue of the marriage is the infant Blanche, "Our Baby" (a dummy, an interesting little child, and finally Miss Grace Edgar). The arsitocratic mother-in-law, disgusted at the marriage of her daughter with an obscure and poor man, works a scheme to separate her son-in-law from her daughter, and by intercepting the letters from both sides causes bitter feeling and estrangement. At Derby Junction Mrs. Mulevever and her daughter and "Our Baby" are about to take the train to London. Mordaunt recognizes his child in the arms of the nurse girl, and at the instance of Eversleigh, a light-hearted, jovial, good-for-nothing young gentleman, takes possession of the child. The efforts of the mother-in-law to regain possession of the child are fruitless, through the instrumentality of Eversleigh. Just before the train is about to start, Mordaunt is told that a lady in one of the carriages wants to see him. Eversleigh takes the child while he goes, and the upshot is that Mordaunt is carried off with the ladies, and Eversleigh is left in an awkward fix with "Our Baby"—a most laughable scene. Mordaunt had arranged while in the train not to take the child with him, and it was owing to the scheme contemplated by the mother-in-law that Eversleigh found himself compelled by accident to take the child with him, as his train to Liverpool started shortly afterwards. He takes the child to his own home, in Astley, Mass., and he and his Aunt Jeannette bring up the child with great fondness. The next scene is in the saloon of a steamboat on the Hudson River, when all the parties are by accident traveling together. Mordaunt has returned from India, and is traveling for the benefit of his health, having been broken down by grief. By intercepting the letters Mrs. Mulevever has persuaded her daughter that her husband is dead, and has got her married to Mr. Leslie, a Scotch merchant. On board the boat the child Blanche is recognized by her mother, and here ensues another capital scene. The mother-in-law, finding her machinations about to be all exposed, suddenly leaves the steamer at an opportune halting-place, and Mordaunt and her daughter are left in the second husband. In the next scene, Eversleigh, now considerably advanced in life, loses all his patrimony by a disastrous fire, and impoverished, he is parted from between himself and adopted daughter has ripened into love of a different kind from that of father and daughter. Franklin and Abrams both reappear in the scene as wealthy merchants. Franklin succeeds to the title and wealth and the poverty of Eversleigh, asks the hand of Eversleigh's adopted daughter, clenching the request by golden promises, and Abrams, who has bought all Eversleigh's liabilities, and is actually the possessor of Eversleigh's house and home, is emboldened to do the same. Jeannette, however, who desires to win Franklin herself, in the final scene manages to get the mercantile notes and bills of Abrams transferred to herself. Previously to this, however, Blanche has engaged herself to Franklin, making herself a sacrifice for the sake of her father. Eversleigh, unaware of her motives, in his anguish discards her. In the final scene, however, Franklin explains the position of affairs, and gives up all claim to Blanche, and Abrams, the quondam and much-despised Jew, shows himself a man of noble and generous feelings, and the drama comes to the happy climax which may be gathered from the later course of events. Several of the situations in the comedy are excellent, and the play abounds with wit and smart sayings without indelicacy. Of the acting, that of Mr. Clarke was remarkably clever. As the light-hearted young spring and the sober middle-aged gentleman, his acting was very realistic and effective, and he elicited frequent and hearty applause.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XIV.

BEN DE BAR.

Although the present generation in the metropolis can scarcely recognize it, yet the picture on our first page this week is a familiar one in the West and Southwest. There are, however, some few New-Yorkers left who will recognize the feature as those of one who once won public plaudits at the Bowery Theatre as Robert Macaire, as Joey Blueskin in "Jack Sheppard," and as Strapado in "The Dumb Girl of Genoa;" and there are many more who will recall them as belonging to an actor who seven years later, and at the same house, was a remarkably active Artful Dodger, in spite of the obesity that even then, a quarter of a century ago, had begun to outline a paunch that has since attained to almost Lambertian amplitude. It almost staggers belief that such width of shoulders, breadth of beam, and generally vast proportions as the portrait represents (and the portrait is not exaggerative) could thirty years ago, as Julio Dormilly in "The Six Degrees of Crime," have choked women to death with their own hair; or thirty-five years ago have been the original at the South of Dazzle in "London Assurance;" or thirty-seven years ago, as Mazeppa, have been strapped to "the wild steed of Tartary;" or forty years ago have been a member of the ballet in Dublin and Dublin and London theatres. Yet he whose physical proportions are such to-day that his dramatic instinct finds its fittest expression in Sir John Falstaff has in his time done all these things.

As regards active service, Benedict De Bar is the oldest theatrical manager in America, he is the successor of the late Sol Smith he held sway at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, for nearly a quarter of a century, and for nearly that length of time St. Louis has been indebted to him, as the successor of the no longer visible John Bates, for a large share of its amusements. His surname is suggestive of French paternity. The Gallic blood comes to him directly, his father having been among those whom the French Revolution of 1792 forced to take refuge in England. His mother was born in Wales, and himself first saw the light, about sixty-two years ago, near Temple Bar, at the west gate of Old London. Upon reaching the age of sixteen months he was taken by his parents to Hillsborough, County Down, Ireland, his father having been commissioned thence by the Bank of England, in whose employ he was as an accountant, to the estate of the bankrupt Marquis of Downshire. Here Ben De Bar was reared, and it may therefore be said that he is a French-Welsh-English-Irishman, with a good deal of the American superadded. His father died in 1827, and the necessities of his mother required that the son should be school and earn his bread. That he did in 1829-30, a friend of his father, perceiving that he had both taste and capacity for dancing, procuring him a situation in the ballet of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, where his salary was ten shillings a week. Thence he went to Drury-lane and to Covent Garden as a dancer, and in 1832, at Brighton, he was entranced with utility business in the dramatic stage. Returning to London, he played at the Victoria and Surrey Theatres, and in 1835 was among those engaged by the late James H. Caldwell for his new St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, opened on Nov. 30 of that year, and burned on March 13, 1842. Mr. De Bar made his American debut, we believe, as Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." At the St. Charles, for $15 a week, subsequently increased to $18, he was required, night after night, to do "walking gentlemen" in farces and risk his neck as Mazeppa; and old actors who were requiescent "Pat Greenroom," a little hole-in-the-wall where something besides coffee was purchasable, relate that over his hard lot someone used to bless Caldwell while drinking "Greenroom" beer.

Leaving New Orleans, he came to New York, joining the forces at the National Theatre, Church and Leonard streets, after James H. Hackett's unsuccessful attempt at its management, and when (Sept. 4, 1837) it was opened by the senior James W. Wallack. It was while he was here that he had an opportunity to study the late James S. Browne as Robert Macaire and survey Hackett as Falstaff. After a season at the National, he returned to New Orleans and to Caldwell, from whom he seceded to go to the New American Theatre, corner of St. Francis and Poydras streets, which was opened by Sol Smith on May 10, 1840, De Bar's line being light and eccentric comedy, while his first wife, since dead, did singing business. Both rose in the house in the next season, and De Bar came again to New York, and attached himself to the Bowery Theatre for the season of 1843-4, his first appearance being on Sept. 14 as Robert Macaire to the Jacques Strop of William Gates. The latter soon died, and De Bar became low-comedian until the return of Tom Hadaway in the following season. From the Bowery he went to the Chatham in September, 1844; thence he went to Mitchell's Olympic, where he was the original in New York of Charles II in "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and Chicore in "The Devil in Paris;" and then he returned to the Chatham, becoming stage-manager on April 28, 1845. Subsequently, with William S. Deverna, he became joint lessee of that house; and on Aug. 31, 1846, he produced, for the first time in America, the spectacular drama of "The Bride's Journey," afterwards better known as "The Seven Escapes of Adelaide of Dresden," and in which he played Karl. On Oct. 5 he withdrew from the Chatham, and on Nov. 2 he began at the Bowery as Strapado. In the depiction of that drunken corporal he has had no rival on the American stage, while as Blueskin he has been closely pressed by the late Henry E. Stevens alone. In the Fall of 1848 he went to London, and there endeavored to popularize Mose, as during the previous Summer he had popularized Sykesy at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia; but he did not succeed, and he returned to America in the following year, becoming stage-manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, on Nov. 10, and so continued until Sol Smith, at the close of the season of 1852-3, transferred its ownership to his hands. While stage-manager at the St. Charles, he occasionally played a star engagement at Sol Smith's theatre in St. Louis, where ultimately he came into possession of Bates' Theatre. It has been said that he conceived the idea of adding Falstaff to his repertory as far back as 1862, but did not venture to play it until nearly ten years later, and then at his old Opera-house, St. Louis. It was in one sense beginning stage-life over again. In another it was even a more arduous undertaking. Hackett, who had made the role his own everywhere, was almost as well remembered in the South as in the North. But De Bar's long-contemplated venture justified the nine years of study he had devoted to it. The only serious fault that has been found with his Falstaff in the South is that the sack-loving knight is seen too seldom, being reserved for grand occasions or as a special bill when all else fails.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.—A meek-looking boy was intently pegging along towards a certain schoolhouse the other morning, when he was met by a crowd of his fellow-schoolmates returning, with their books under their arms. Upon perceiving their school-bound comrade, a chorus of cat-calls and shrieks rent the air, and hats were thrown up, and heels ditto. "What's up?" inquired the lone boy, with a grin of anticipation spread all around his face, and even back of his ears. "No school!" howled the mob; "teacher's sick!" And another pean of praise ascended from their united voices as they all turned the corner on the jump. A boy is a funny creature.

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PART I.

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☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Apr. 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Grace
Archer, Little Lottie (2)
Abbott Troupe, Emma
Brown, Maggie
Beaumont, Nellie (3) 25c.
Blake, Maggie
Bowman, Laura
Bateman, Alice
Bertha, Mlle.
Beaumont, Miss (of Soldene's Co.) (2)
Brooks, Urna (2) 15c.
Bell, Eadie
Boniface, Marie
Carroll, Mrs. Jennie
Cammara, Marie
Clifford, Ada (vocalist)
Clifton, Ida (of Columbus)
Clifton, Blanche (of Howard Athenæum Co.)
Clifton, Viola
Gordova, Mrs. Harlie
Clifton, Minnie
De Granville, Millie
Davenport, Gracie (2) 15c.
Darling, Bessie
Davis, Laura
Dustan, Elsie
Desmond, Miss L.
Duncan, Estelle
Eytinge, Rose
Eberle, Mrs. M. E.
French Sisters (twins)
Freeman Sisters
Fetzer, Mrs. Frank
Flemming, Nellie
Florence, Rena
Fairmont, Belle
Girard, Kate
Grant, Alice
Gray, Ada (2)
Geddes, Orville
Glassford, Eliza
Goss, Mrs.
Gaugain, Marie (2)
Gardener, Ida.
Greenfield, Ida
Goldthwaite, Dora
Gordon Troupe, Bella
Hastings, Kate
Hassim, Leni
Herbert, Emilie
Henrietta, Mlle. (4)
Hindle, Annie (2)
Hale, Alice
Hill, Mary E.
Harmond, Lizzie
Hendricks, Miss E.
Holland, Rose
Irwin, Florence (of Irwin Sist.) 10c.
Le Brandt, Marie
Leonard, Nellie
"Lotta," Miss
Le Comte, Elodie (2) 15c.
La Verde, Belle
La Verde, Kittie
Lancaster, Marie E.
Lindsay, Jennie (2)
Miller, Mrs. A. 3c.
McAllister, Phœa
Markley, Edna
Marky, Lizzie
Moeller, Jennie (of Soldene's Co.)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"A. B. C."
Chase, Prof.
Arnold, Frank (variety "biz")
Avery, Fred
Adams, Grimaldi
Ayers, H. (late of How Ath., Boston)
Adams, D. for Conique, Cincinnati)
Armstrong, A. (2)
Archer, Geo. A.
Alvretta, Harry
Adams, "York"
Allen, W. L.
Bangs, N.
Barlow Bros.
Bassett, C. M.
Barnabee Concert Co.
Brose, Maren
Barrett, Lawrence
Howard, Frank
Baker & Doyle
Bishop, Alf. H.
Benedict, "Lew"
Berkley, W.
Byrne, Chas. A.
Bray, W. H. (Dutch "biz")
Barnes, Jno. S.
Barbour Bros. Minstrels
Brown, Jas. H. 3c.
Burns, D. (dealer in snakes)
Bray, R.
Brand, Prof. T. H.
Brown, David
Bergen, P. W. (agt. Richmond)
Blitz, Eugene
Barber, Judge
Bates, "Ben"
Bailey, Harry (pianist)
Boyd, Chas. (violinist)
Blodgett, Harvey
Barlow, Milt. G.
Bolger, "Andy"
Bleeker, F. H.
Boyd, C. (of "N. O. Nights")
Carlton, Wm.
Carhart, G. E.
Cawthorne, The
Cole, W. Wan
Canada, — (of Australia Canada)
Conquest, Carter
Cannon, "Johnny"
Carter, Barry
Clark, Lew, "Ed."
Cassim, Jas.
Cooke, David
Colton, C. G.
Crowley, Geo. (2)
Crawford, J. S.
Corey, T.
Chase & Davis
Cohen, "Jerry"
Cole, Al. (circus "biz")
Clayton, "Will"
Conway, G. W.
Culbertson, Thos.
Cambridge Family
Cadenhead, R. Ferguson 2c.
Chase, Theo. 11c.
Culbertson, G. H.
Clapham, Harry
Cook, Jno. P.
Campbell, Geo. W. (of Soldene's Co.)
Dean, A. J.
Dobson, F. B.
Deen, B. B.
Davis, H. C. "Lew"
Davenport, E. L.
Doake, S. M.
Dykeman, Sol.
Deyo, Geo. W.
Ducrow, Wm.
Dean, A. C.
Denier, "Tony"
Dyring, H. T.
Diamond, Chas.
Dunbar, G. W. (gymnast)
Dearin, "Sam"
Ellis, C. H. (gymnast)
Furbish, Chas. E. (3)
Frederick, S. O.
Fisk, M. W.
Fowler, W. Melville
Frayne, Robt.
Flanigan, E.
Fish, Chas. W.
Fawcett, Owen
Grace, "Matt"
Golden, — (of Golden's Co.)
Gray, Mark
Gouldman, Jas.
Griffin, Master
Goss & Fox
Goroux, Emil
Goss, Ed. (of Goss & Fox)
Gordon, Harry (circus "biz")
Griffin, W. (late of Terre Haute, Ind.)
Glenn, T. R.
Goodall, J. N. (violinist)
Hoffmeister, Fred.
Hogan, Jas. F.
Hamilton, Wiley
Howard, Frank (2)
Haverly, Ben
Hall, Frank A.
Harris, Geo. (of Georgia Minst.)
Howard, F. (of Wagner's Minst.) 6c.
Heather, H.
Herwig, Augt.
Hall, Alf. E.
Hodges, D. B.
Hall, Mills
Hine, H. (of Chanfrau's Co.)
Henderson, Wm. H.
Himmel, Chas.
Heywood, Jno. (of Heywood Bros.) (2)
Henry, Hi
Healey, Jno. E.
Hess, "Ben"
Hall, J. Clinton
Hill, Jno. W.
Hart, C. J.
Irwin, Selden
June, Louis
Kitteridge, J. Frank
Kay, "Billy"
(minst. "biz")
Knight, Geo. S. (4)
Koppitz, Prof. W.
Leavitt, M. B. (7)
Lee, Prof. Chas. W.
Lampin, W.
Lamb, "Abe" (comed.)
Louden, "Jeff" J.
Loomis, Harry
Le Clair, "Shed"
Lyle, Jas. (p. o. m. Glasgow, Scot.)
Sheffer, Chas. H.
Stanley, Ernest (2)
Strickland, W. H.
Santelle & Brewster
Stetson, Wm. (theatrical "biz")
Summers, W.
Sidney, Frank
Southworth, Jas. J.
Srujen, M. (of Krakosch's Co.)
Sears, W. T.
Skelding, Geo.
Swonsbourne, Chas.
Shumway, Prof. (theatrical agent)
Steele, Frank
Stubbs, J. W.
Stubbs, Stokes
Taylor, Jas. R.
Tilson, Geo.
Turner, J. W. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.)
Tyler, G. H.
Thompson, "Jeff"
Turner, C. (of Kellogg's Op. Co.)
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Vere, Geo. W. (2)
Villa, "Sam" B.
Webb, Prof. Albert
Walsh, John T.
Weston, "Sam" (banjoist)
Wilkinson, Harry W.
Williams, Harry
West, C. (of Soldene's Co.)
White, Chas. (minst. "biz")
Wambold, D. S.
Walters, — (of Walters & Morton)
Wagner, "Cal"
Wiggins, S. F.
Wilt, "Archie"
Waldron, D. G. (manager)
Weber, Lew
Williams, L. Percy
White, Wm. Warden
Young, Chas. W.
Young, Chas. (vent-riloquist)
Zeitle, Chas. 12c.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, April 23, '77.

It may not be out of place to give three cheers in honor of the natal day of the late W. Shakespeare, provided he was born on the 23d of April, as has been alleged by some historical and biographical writers, and denied by others. However, we intend to allow William the benefit of the doubt, and give due honor and preference to the day we celebrate. Had the deceased lived to the present period of our national greatness he would have attained a ripe old age, and been enabled to protect his good name and fame against the assaults and thievish propensities of modern authors and adapters. He sowed good and bad seed alike—some fell in stony places and failed to take root, some struck unadulterated, free soil, and a golden harvest of rich and luscious fruits was the result. While Tyrone Power's mantle is credited with having descended upon a score or more of legitimate claimants, the cloak of the great Bard of Avon is still floating about, those who aspire to wear the green bays and laurels failing to satisfactorily fill the bill of requirements. All hail the birthday of the great poet of nature! Here's a sweet William, we drink a tankard of Falstaffian sack, and wash it down with potations deep of many an amber-ladened "schooner."..... The closing week has not been productive of extraordinary financial results. Although in the early portion of it plenty of dust was raised in the streets, managers did not find it so easy to raise it in the theatres; and when, in the latter part of the week, the rain put down the dust, the theatregoers failed to follow suit, and a somewhat unsatisfactory exchequer wound up the week's business. In fact, it was a bad time for our dramatic temples, several of them abruptly closing up when repairs outside of the ticket-office were not needed, unforeseen circumstances compelling this early-closing movement. Some of those houses the auditoriums of which loomed up with a look of rich and ruddy health, owe their unlooked-for appearance to the good offices of the paper-hanger, who, however dull trade has been with him in his legitimate groove, has been unusually busy in papering our theatres during the season about closing. The risks inseparable from theatrical management in this city will induce a variety of changes next season, a few of which may be for the good, while others, we fear, will complete the ruin of those managers who have been followed so persistently by misfortune. And here it may not be improper to remark that the success of a theatre depends as much upon the conduct of the front of the house as upon what is done upon the stage. Courtesy to all comers can do no harm, but much good. It costs no little to be polite and agreeable to one's patrons, and the investment pays such large profits, that we are really surprised when we have brought to our notice reports of incivility on the part of any of our managers, who, if they choose, can be the architects of their own fortunes, for, as managerial *architects*, they, like *stars*, sometimes *draw large houses!*..... Niblo's star, by the way, is *not* in the ascendant, insofar as large houses are not drawn there at present, nor can better things be looked for, now that the season itself is on the decline. Jimmy, a few turns of the poetic crank in behalf of

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

At Niblo's the drama of Irish adventures
Was most unsuccessful in filling the benches;
For foreign-born "stars" we have made such a call
That "A Man from America" don't suit at all!

.....In support of this allegation, let us take the case of our friend John T. Raymond. It is not a great while ago that he was playing in one of our best metropolitan houses. How is it now? Why he is actually advertised to play in *Sellers!* [A little joke, John. Our friends will understand that *Sellers* is the character he plays in this "Gilded Age."—ED.].....Miss Anna Dickinson, whose engagement at that uptown theatre terminated so suddenly, has realized in this city how true it is that "uneasy lies the head that wears 'A Crown of Thorns.'" Had the gentle Anna been properly advised before coming here, she might have walked on velvet. Because she had won such a high name in the lecture-room, we expected equally great things of her on the dramatic stage; and because she did not come up to our great expectations we went for her, which was very wrong, and very ungentlemanly; for, whatever may be her failings as an actress, she is a cultured lady, and entitled to our respectful consideration. We regret that Anna did not take her gruel more kindly: in getting back at the press she labors under a disadvantage. The same press which decried her efforts has been less severe with novices who have not shown the dramatic ability that she has exhibited. Let us "deal gently with the erring," and be generous enough and gallant enough to give the lady a fair hearing when she next comes before us.....Did you ever notice how much alike are the manager and the billposter? How should you? sure enough; when it is left to *us* to find out the curiosities of life. But it's true about the classes referred to, for when the manager "puts up" *a new bill*, the knight of the paste-brush does the same!.....It seems that "The Danischeffs" is *not* to continue until the end of the season at the Union-square Theatre, notwithstanding the iteration and reiteration of the press to that effect. it will be withdrawn May 5, and this shows good judgment, though some what late, on the part of the managers, as the play was not calculated to please the average taste.....And this reminds us that P. T. Barnum is not only a good manager, but he is a philanthropist as well, for he tries to *give every man a "show!"*.....Ever since Commodore Tooker made such a successful debut in the arduous character of John in "Slasher and Crasher," managers in all parts of the country are trying to secure his services. This is the true reward of merit. Had he failed, there would have been none to do him reverence. The past week was eventful in surprises, not the least of which was the advent of the gallant commodore.....It may be well for Mr. McCullough not to make a steady intellectual diet of the noble red man, for his assumption of the character of Metamora, on Saturday evening last, at Booth's Theatre, had a tendency to make the judicious grieve, if nothing more. We are confidently advised by the Woodin Investigating Committee—so-called on account of being composed of Woodin men ["That's ruff"—OUR JIM]—that you "may *call a rose* by any other name it will smell as sweet," or words of somewhat similar import; but we cannot say that *McCullough rose* in public estimation by his doing of the Indian. [We have done the best we could with the material at command, and, "if we fail not in our good intent," our reward is your gain.—ED.]..... They have "gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream." Thus saith the kindly disposed poet in a love rhapsody. The same thought occurred to us when a note came apprising us that the San Francisco Minstrels closed their season in this city on Saturday night last. Alas! and alack, and well-a-day! These gentlemen, not satisfied with gaining an honest livelihood here, are, we are sorry to say, about to follow the example of Dick Turpin and Jonathan Wild, and *take to the road!* [We pyrthee pause, dear friends; judge not too hastily; but rather suspend your opinion while we rise to explain. When we say that they are about to "take to the road," we mean that they are going on a tour—going to give exhibitions, as it might be, and, though they may cry "stand and deliver," it will have reference solely to the delivery of tickets the wise men of the East and the West may purchase to see the show. [This explanation is quite as clear and explicit as that made by W. Tweed before the Legislative Committee on Saturday last, it is because we decline to say anything further, not wishing to insult our friends.—ED.] Jimmy, don't you think the 'Frisco boys are deserving of a little send-off in the shape of a few tender lines? "Then's me sentiment, sir. I'd like to go with 'em. I offered to go as a musical moke, but Billy Birch said they moke their own music; then I offered to do the stump; when Billy quietly whispered: '*We chews our own stumps, to Backus!* That was right good, wasn't it?" It was a clever retort. But get out the machine, and *set her on the high C.* "Hadn't we better *set 'em*?"

ON THE ROAD.

The *Friscos*, who cover our "phizzes"
With *frescoes* of merriment rare,
Have taken their cork and their frizzes,
Their songs and their laughter elsewhere;
No longer the music of "David"
Shall prove a melodious one,
While Birch's bright "chaff" and Backus's laugh
Are gone, for the present at least.

.....Fryer persists in announcing a *second* Wagner festival in New York.....Second to what Fryer, will not *one* suffice?" It was the persistency of dog owners in letting loose their canines on the public that necessitated the passing of a law against such outrages. Let the Wagner people take warning!.....Here is something worth knowing: Mr. Barnum stands ready to give a thousand dollars for the peers of the beautiful performing stallions at Gilmore's Garden." He says *peers*, but does he mean peers or vassals? You know they made a great mistake recently in Washington as to whether a man was a peer or a vassal, and we desire that Mr. Barnum should "make no mistake in this city.....Our Jim is always getting himself into trouble. It was only a few nights ago that he went to the Academy of Music to see "The Mistletoe Bough," for James was, as he said, desirous of seeing a polite bow made. He must have given the man some impudence, for the latter induced him to mizzle, and, to accelerate his pace, he kicked the lobby-walks; and that was all of the *mizzle toe bow* the Jim boy participated in *that* night. [It may require a little effort on the part of our friends to wrestle successfully with this problem, but perseverance, like virtue, *must* triumph in the end.—ED.]..... When our musical letter carrier (our own mail) this morning, we said "Are you going to 'Rigoletto' to-night?" meaning the opera at the Academy. "Not I, indeed," was his curt reply; "one of our boys got *caught* trying to *rig a letter* last week!" Before we could explain he was off like the proverbial shot.....We can't understand it. For his benefit, at Booth's, April 25, L. J. Vincent announces that Mr. Couldock will recite "The Vagabonds," and to close the entertainment the Madrigal Boys will sing the *"Tramp* Chorus." Won't this seem like a slur, and make the people feel somewhat uneasy as they go tramping out?.....Jerome Hopkins announces a new biblical opera, called "Samuel," a genuine sensation. Will Mr. Hopkins kindly inform us whether his opera has reference to Little Samuel Woke, or Samuel Tilden, who still slumbers the unhappy hours away?.....And this reference to a new operatic production reminds us that the managers of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, are setting a bright example to other managers by giving encouragement to American authors and their works, they having already brought to public notice the efforts of several of our own authors, one of the latest new plays presented by them being

"THREE DAYS."

They say it's original. Truly!
Let's ask, without rancor or bile,
If all the new plot, action and sense,
Are not from a *newspaper "File"*?

One moment. "File" is the name of the author, and, being connected with the press of that city, he may very properly be termed a *newspaper File*.—ED.].....And now, like the Turks and the Russians, we hasten to close up the columns.

CITY SUMMARY.

WILLIS ARMSTRONG, a once popular performer and efficient stage-manager, died in an hospital in this city April 18 of consumption, after an illness of one year. He was without means, and Tony Pastor kindly assumed the expense of giving his remains a decent burial.

GRACE HAWTHORNE sailed for Liverpool, Eng., in the steamship Germanic April 21, to fulfill professional engagements.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to commence a brief season at the foot of Houston street, East River, April 30.

MRS. JOHN DAVENPORT, on account of illness, did not act the past week at the Fifth-avenue Theatre until the Saturday matinee. During her absence Miss Georgie Drew acted the character of the Princess. The present week will be the last but one of "The Princess Royal," as Miss Neilson is to commence an engagement Tuesday May 1.

THE COOKERIES at Tony Pastor's, "Grimaldi," Bryant and Williams, Katie Dean, Charles Diamond, Ada Boshell, Theodore Loyale, Ada Sanborn and Master George Ellsworth.

GOSS AND FOX, Ed. Banker, Conway and Kerrigan, Nellie St. John, Gus Mills, Jennie Yeamans, Keating and Sands, and James Messinger are to reinforce the company at the Theatre Comique April 23.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES matinees were given daily last week. The performances included sensational sketches and a variety olio. The chief attractions were Horace Weston, Gibbons and Russell, the Marcello Brothers, Cecile Lecompte, the Misses Schotter, Alexandrina, Griffith, Glover, and Girard. Billed for this week: Wallace and Fenton, James Marshall, Olympia and H. King.

AT F. B. WARDE'S BENEFIT, at Booth's Theatre, April 29, the bill will include "Damon and Pythias," the balcony-scene of "Romeo and Juliet," with Maud Granger as Juliet, and the first act of "Married Bussan." Mr. Warde's popularity, both on and off the stage, should insure a good attendance.

HELLER presents his fifth and final programme at his Wonder Theatre April 23. The season is to close May 31.

THIS IS THE LAST WEEK of "Our Boarding-house" at the Park Theatre. John T. Raymond as Col. Sellers appears April 30. Miss Marie Gordon is to act Laura Hawkins.

PETER ASTEN, who for something like forty years, in the quaint little old building on the southwest corner of Hester street and the Bowery, has kept a public-house familiar to professional people of all kinds and grades, met with a bereavement on the 19th inst. in the death of his wife, a most estimable lady with a decided leaning towards charitable works.

NIBLO'S is being run for the common weal and the individual weal, viz., on the "commonwealth" plan.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS will commence a season in this city on Monday, April 30, exhibiting at the foot of Houston street, East River.

THE SEVERE RAIN-STORM which prevailed three days and nights of the past week had a depressing effect upon the attendance at all our places of amusement.

"THE PRINCESS ROYAL," cast to a portion of Daly's Fifth-avenue Company, is to be produced at the Grand Opera-house May 7.

H. A. THOMAS' lithographic establishment will be removed about May 1 from Murray street to No. 865 Broadway, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. Managers and artists are requested to bear this in mind; also that J. E. Jackson has control of its business interests. They are also requested to note that the No. is 865, and not 685, as it appeared in an advertisement in our last issue and in part of the edition printed this week.

MISS E. V. PROUDFOOT died in this city April 20 at the age of 32 years. She had been before the public during the past ten years as an actress and a reader. She was a native of Canada, and her real name was Lewis. She was first seen in this city about 1867, at Wallack's Theatre, when she acted Mrs. Chillingtone in "A Morning Call" for a benefit. She had fulfilled brief engagements at several theatres in this city, and had been a member of several traveling companies that toured the country; and while with one of these, about six months ago, in Newport, R. I., she received injuries from a fall caused by a misplaced trap, which eventually caused her death. She left a brother, professionally known as W. H. Popo, an elocutionist. Her funeral took place from her late residence, No. 174 Lexington avenue, on Sunday, April 22, at one o'clock.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT left a sick-bed to perform Juliet at Mr. Tooker's benefit, at Booth's Theatre, on Thursday last, rather than the public and the beneficiary should be disappointed.

J. H. HAVERLY advertises that he has open time at his theatre in Chicago, Ill., from May 28 to July 3, inclusive, and requests all applications to be addressed to him personally.

THE FRESH APPEARANCES at Tony Pastor's Theatre April 16 were Alice Ransom, Misco and Francis, Johnny Patterson, the Richmond Sisters, Mlle. De Granville, Jennie Misco, Tierney and Cronin, and King Sarbro. Alice Ransom, who has a pleasing appearance and was tastily costumed, met with fair success as a serio-comic vocalist. Misco and Francis gave one of the best horizontal-bar performances that we have witnessed in a long time. Both are skilled artists, and they performed only the most difficult feats, with such an air of confidence as to leave nothing to be desired upon the part of the spectators. Johnny Patterson, who made his first appearance in America, was made up as a clown. He gave some recitations, which, although not entirely new, pleased his hearers. He then sang some Irish songs, in which he used his musical, tenor voice to good advantage. Subsequently he played solos upon a mouth-harmonica concealed in a coffee-pot, and upon a concertina. Although he created no furor, he may be pronounced a good average performer. The Richmond Sisters were assured, by the cordial welcome they received, that their popularity had by no means waned, and by the performance of fresh songs-and-dances they elicited liberal applause. Mlle. De Granville, by cleverly executing a series of difficult feats, conclusively proved that the strength of some of the representatives of her sex lies in their "jaw." Seizing an ordinary chair at its top with her teeth, she caused it to describe a variety of motions while she performed a series of feats of contortion. She concluded her act by being raised to the top of the proscenium by means of a rope and pulleys, she grasping a leathern thong at the end of the rope with her teeth. Her efforts received the approbation of the audience. Jennie Misco, whose performances we recently reviewed while she was at another theatre, sang serio-comic songs and gave a skipping-rope jig. Tierney and Cronin met with favor in their specialties, and the well-known feats of King Sarbro, including his backward slide down a rope reaching from the stage to the gallery, elicited plaudits of commendation. Add Ryman's burlesque lecture on "Temperance," Sam Devere's banjo songs, and the sketches of "Home in a Regular Fix," and "A Western Warwhoop," introducing Jennie Satterlee and Marie Boniface, not otherwise seen, filled the bill. Business good.

HELLER'S FOURTH PROGRAMME was performed for the last time April 21. The attendance during the week was quite numerous.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE was closed for the season after the performances of April 16, when "Grimaldi" had a benefit. The entertainments included the first two acts of "Humpty Dumpty," during the second act of which battoute leaping was given by James Donovan, George, Charles and James Almonte, George Francis, Wm. Eunice and "Grimaldi Jr." (who was announced as making his first appearance on any stage), and James Kelly and Seddons' Mouse in a sparring-match.

GEORGE MORTON'S YOUNGER BROTHER died in this city, of consumption, April 21. Mr. Morton, who was supporting Dominick Barrett in Memphis, Tenn., started for this city in response to a telegram informing him of the invalid's critical condition, but did not arrive here in time to see his brother alive. The remains were taken April 16 to Rhinebeck, N. Y., and buried in the same lot with the remains of Mrs. George Morton, professionally known as Louise Hawthorne.

G. W. MOORE of Moore & Burgess' Minstrels, London, Eng., arrived in the Bothnia April 17.

MARY A. LUCK, mother of J. Edwin Irving, comedian, died in this city April 17 aged 73 years.

L. J. VINCENT, stage-manager of Booth's Theatre, will tender a matinee benefit on April 25, when, at intervals during the performances, selections from Signor Operti's new English opera of "Dan'l Druce" will be sung by William Hamilton, Pyke's Madrigal Boys, Fannie Goodwin, and George S. Weeks: the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" to be acted by John Gilbert, Couldough, Lillie Eldridge, F. B. Warde, E. K. Collier, G. O. Morris, W. Street, H. Hogan, and Marian Sackett; the military band of the Twenty-second Regiment, under the personal direction of P. S. Gilmore, is to perform a number of popular airs; John McCullough is to recite "The Little Hero;" the entire company is to appear in the theatre to perform the second act of "Our Boarding-house;" and C. W. Couldock is to recite "The Vagabonds." Although Mr. Vincent is seldom seen by the public, he is an energetic and efficient officer, and is deserving of liberal patronage.

"ROSE MICHEL" constituted the attraction at the Grand Opera-house last week, and, although the attendance fluctuated somewhat, on an average it was good. As a matter of record we append the cast: Pierre Michel, J. H. Stoddart; Count De Vernay, G. C. Boniface; Baron De Marson, H. B. Phillips; Baron De Bellevie, J. G. Peakes; Moulpet, Mr. Seymour; Mayor, Bertrand, W. Thorpe; Andre, C. W. Dade; Officer, J. Clemens; Turnkey, Lysander Thompson; Servant, A. T. Harin; Ruffian, T. Alexander; Rose Michel, Miss Kate Meek; Countess De Verney, Mrs. M. Wilkins; Louise, Bijou Heron; Baroness De Bellevie, Miss Adelaide Thompson. Uncle Tom's Cabin" is announced to be served here April 30.

THE COMPANY on the boards of Egyptian Hall this week includes Constantine and Leclair, J. N. Stansill, J. L. Mason, Tommy Adams, J. L. Morley, Richard Bell, Harry Farrell, John Tobin, George W. Brown, Ada Freeman, Kitty Doyle, Josie Wilmot, Lena Irving, Emma Irving, Maggie Winchester, Lena Irving, Emma Irving, Little Josie, Lizzie Heywood, Alice May, Bertha Howard, Nellie Livingston. The burlesque of "Cinderella" and several new sketches form, with the statue illusions, the principal attractions.

THE WHALLEY BURIAL FUND.—In response to the paragraph which appeared in our issue, the twenty-five dollars has been received at this office towards defraying the costs of the funeral of the "leading man" who died at St. Francis' Hospital, this city, on April 6, 1876, and for which sum the undertaker, J. J. Stoltz, Bowery near Rivington street, has given his receipt. But twenty-six dollars are now lacking.

JOSEPH H. TOOKER, who during the Winter season officiates as business-manager of Booth's Theatre, and in the heated term becomes the dominie over the flock of the Tooker estate, steamship Plymouth Rock, made his debut on the dramatic stage at the theatre where he is engaged on the occasion of his benefit, on Thursday afternoon, April 19, which we may parenthetically remark was the 102d anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. The character selected by the beneficiary for the display of his histrionic ability was John, a servant in the farce of "Slasher and Crasher," in which he had the assistance of the well-known comedians Stuart Robson and W. H. Crane. As Mr. Tooker, in the character of John, made but one appearance, and then uttered only a single line, it becomes somewhat difficult, under the strict and stern rules of criticism, to determine whether he gave promise of future excellence as a tragedian or a comedian. The critic's position was made very embarrassing because, the moment Mr. Tooker appeared upon the mimic scene, he was hailed with shouts of laughter and applause which became impossible to decide whether the single word was uttered with tragic intonation, "with his eyes in fine frenzy rolling," or whether, having a humorous conception of the role, he attempted to display his *vis comica*. Our judgment under such trying circumstances must be pardoned if the worst produced; and, therefore, the flat goes forth that Mr. Tooker is a comedian. A large audience, including a great many professional ladies and gentlemen, was in attendance; and they were well entertained by a varied programme, which included the singing of "Sweet By-and-bye" and "Hail, Smiling Morn," by English and Italian chorus; John McCullough and E. K. Collier in the dagger-scene from "The Wife." Miss Clara Louise Kellogg sang "She Wandered Down the Mountain-side," and in response to encores gave "Down the Shadowy Lane" and "Home, Sweet Home." Nanny Locke enraptured and delighted all of our boys got *caught* trying to *rig a letter* last week!" Before we could explain he was off like the proverbial shot.....We can't understand it. For his benefit, at Booth's, April 25, L. J. Vincent announces that Mr. Couldock will recite "The Vagabonds," and to close the entertainment the Madrigal Boys will sing the *"Tramp* Chorus." Won't this seem like a slur, and make the people feel somewhat uneasy as they go tramping out?.....Jerome Hopkins announces a new biblical opera, called "Samuel," a genuine sensation. Will Mr. Hopkins kindly inform us whether his opera has reference to Little Samuel Woke, or Samuel Tilden, who still slumbers the unhappy hours away?.....And this reference to a new operatic production reminds us that the managers of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, are setting a bright example to other managers by giving encouragement to American authors and their works, they having already brought to public notice the efforts of several of our own authors, one of the latest new plays presented by them being

"THREE DAYS."

They say it's original. Truly!
Let's ask, without rancor or bile,
If all the new plot, action and sense,
Are not from a *newspaper "File"*?

One moment. "File" is the name of the author, and, being connected with the press of that city, he may very properly be termed a *newspaper File*.—ED.].....And now, like the Turks and the Russians, we hasten to close up the columns.

CITY SUMMARY.

WILLIS ARMSTRONG, a once popular performer and efficient stage-manager, died in an hospital in this city April 18 of consumption, after an illness of one year. He was without means, and Tony Pastor kindly assumed the expense of giving his remains a decent burial.

GRACE HAWTHORNE sailed for Liverpool, Eng., in the steamship Germanic April 21, to fulfill professional engagements.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to commence a brief season at the foot of Houston street, East River, April 30.

MRS. JOHN DAVENPORT, on account of illness, did not act the past week at the Fifth-avenue Theatre until the Saturday matinee. During her absence Miss Georgie Drew acted the character of the Princess. The present week will be the last but one of "The Princess Royal," as Miss Neilson is to commence an engagement Tuesday May 1.

THE COOKERIES at Tony Pastor's, "Grimaldi," Bryant and Williams, Katie Dean, Charles Diamond, Ada Boshell, Theodore Loyale, Ada Sanborn and Master George Ellsworth.

GOSS AND FOX, Ed. Banker, Conway and Kerrigan, Nellie St. John, Gus Mills, Jennie Yeamans, Keating and Sands, and James Messinger are to reinforce the company at the Theatre Comique April 23.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES matinees were given daily last week. The performances included sensational sketches and a variety olio. The chief attractions were Horace Weston, Gibbons and Russell, the Marcello Brothers, Cecile Lecompte, the Misses Schotter, Alexandrina, Griffith, Glover, and Girard. Billed for this week: Wallace and Fenton, James Marshall, Olympia and H. King.

AT F. B. WARDE'S BENEFIT, at Booth's Theatre, April 29, the bill will include "Damon and Pythias," the balcony-scene of "Romeo and Juliet," with Maud Granger as Juliet, and the first act of "Married Bussan." Mr. Warde's popularity, both on and off the stage, should insure a good attendance.

HELLER presents his fifth and final programme at his Wonder Theatre April 23. The season is to close May 31.

THIS IS THE LAST WEEK of "Our Boarding-house" at the Park Theatre. John T. Raymond as Col. Sellers appears April 30. Miss Marie Gordon is to act Laura Hawkins.

PETER ASTEN, who for something like forty years, in the quaint little old building on the southwest corner of Hester street and the Bowery, has kept a public-house familiar to professional people of all kinds and grades, met with a bereavement on the 19th inst. in the death of his wife, a most estimable lady with a decided leaning towards charitable works.

NIBLO'S is being run for the common weal and the individual weal, viz., on the "commonwealth" plan.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS will commence a season in this city on Monday, April 30, exhibiting at the foot of Houston street, East River.

THE SEVERE RAIN-STORM which prevailed three days and nights of the past week had a depressing effect upon the attendance at all our places of amusement.

"THE PRINCESS ROYAL," cast to a portion of Daly's Fifth-avenue Company, is to be produced at the Grand Opera-house May 7.

H. A. THOMAS' lithographic establishment will be removed about May 1 from Murray street to No. 865 Broadway, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. Managers and artists are requested to bear this in mind; also that J. E. Jackson has control of its business interests. They are also requested to note that the No. is 865, and not 685, as it appeared in an advertisement in our last issue and in part of the edition printed this week.

MISS E. V. PROUDFOOT died in this city April 20 at the age of 32 years. She had been before the public during the past ten years as an actress and a reader. She was a native of Canada, and her real name was Lewis. She was first seen in this city about 1867, at Wallack's Theatre, when she acted Mrs. Chillingtone in "A Morning Call" for a benefit. She had fulfilled brief engagements at several theatres in this city, and had been a member of several traveling companies that toured the country; and while with one of these, about six months ago, in Newport, R. I., she received injuries from a fall caused by a misplaced trap, which eventually caused her death. She left a brother, professionally known as W. H. Popo, an elocutionist. Her funeral took place from her late residence, No. 174 Lexington avenue, on Sunday, April 22, at one o'clock.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT left a sick-bed to perform Juliet at Mr. Tooker's benefit, at Booth's Theatre, on Thursday last, rather than the public and the beneficiary should be disappointed.

J. H. HAVERLY advertises that he has open time at his theatre in Chicago, Ill., from May 28 to July 3, inclusive, and requests all applications to be addressed to him personally.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Havanese Italian-opera Troupe gave recitals at the Academy of Music of the opera of "Don Carlos" on Monday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinee last week, and "Rigoletto" on Friday evening, in which Sig. Bertolasi appeared as Rigoletto, Sig. Celadi as the Duke, Sig. Dal Negro as Sparafucile, Sig. Rambelli as Monterone, Signorina Marck as Gilda, and Signorina Rambelli as Maddalena. Sig. Bertolasi's highly dramatic and impassioned rendering of the fool's role scored for him the reputation of being the best representative of the character seen here for a long time. The management has reduced the prices to $1.50 for reserved seats.....Theodore Thomas' last concert of the season, given at Steinway Hall April 16, took the form of a testimonial to Mr. Lavine, the treasurer of the house. Mrs. Dora Gordon Steele was the soloist on the occasion.....Mrs. Kate Reed, soprano at St. Paul's Church, and F. W. Jameson, tenor, sang at Organist Muller's concert at Chickering Hall on Thursday afternoon.....The Oratorio Society of New York gave their fourth concert at Steinway Hall April 19, Haydn's "Creation" being rendered—with Miss Emma C. Thursby in the soprano part; Geo. Simpson, tenor; E. A. Stoddard, bari-tone—under the direction of Dr. Damrosch.....Another rehearsal, preparatory to their sixth concert, was given by the Philharmonic Society at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon.....The annual concert of St. Thomas' Choir, at Chickering Hall, April 20, was a complimentary benefit to Mrs. Phillip D. Gulager, the soprano of that body, the entire profits being donated as a testimonial to the lady.....Mrs. Carrie F. Shorey's concert came off at Steinway Hall April 21, her pupils being the participants, with Chas. Werner, 'cellist; H. Brode, violinist; Julius Risch, viola; Miss Mollie Woodcock, conductor. Little Pearl, a little lady of about eight years, was the success of the evening in her violin-playing, which for her years was most surprising, her skill exciting both admiration and astonishment in her performance of Leonard's "Meditat e Scherzo" and "The Carnival of Venice."....The Louisiana Slave Singers concertized at the Grand Opera-house on Sunday evening last.....Sig. Operti, musical director at Booth's Theatre, is to receive a benefit on Sunday evening next, readings and music comprising the bill. Selections from his new English opera of "Dan'l Druce" are in the programme.....The sacred concert announced to take place at the Academy of Music on Sunday evening, for the benefit of Sigs. Albites and Palmieri, the Havanese Opera Troupe directors, did not transpire, in consequence of a lack of patronage, the only concert of the week, and an emphatic endorsement of that comedian's efforts as an artist during the season about to close. The audience was remarkable for its numbers and enthusiasm. The bill embraced the comedy "Wrong Bird in the Right Nest," the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia, M. D.," and the farce "Our Lodging for Tonight." Mr. Reed on his entrance was literally showered with bouquets, and it was some time before the dialogue of the piece could proceed. At the close of the first piece he was called before the curtain, when "Judge" Moody, rising in the left stage-box, which was occupied by a committee of gentlemen, directed Mr. Reed's attention to an elegant gold watch and chain, and which he presented to him after a neat and complimentary speech. Mr. Reed's surprise was evident, and his response to "Judge" Moody, after some hesitation, was unique and something as follows:

Gentlemen: Your kindness and friendly expressions have so taken away my breath that you must give me a few seconds by *my watch* to recover myself. "Judge," and gentlemen of the jury interested in this *case*, if you had presented me with a brick house, brick by brick, you could not have floored me more effectually than you have done by presenting me with this watch. The sentiment bears upon its *face* the marks of good-will, and, though I always try to pay my way, I am entirely bankrupt in words. And you will have to take all I would like to say on *tick*. But, as I have more *time* now than I had just before I declined to make a speech, I will say that nothing like this was needed to *chain* my gratitude in

FOSTER'S COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., is to open April 23, as previously announced, with the following company: H. A. Foster, proprietor; Fred McAvoy, stage-manager; Bert. E. Foster, treasurer; Charles A. Boyd, leader of orchestra; Paul Ritter, pianist; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brennan, Fred and Annie McAvoy, St. Felix Sisters, Miss Barrie Durel, Louisa Novelo, J. D. Kelly, Connors and Coleman, John Bartley. Mr. Foster has been hard at work to complete this cosy theatre, and everything points to success. Ladies' night will be every night.....At Mozart, Hall, for 23 we have Fanny Duane, the Sherwood Sisters, and Johnny Mack, the last assuming the stage-management of the city.

.....At the Comique the 16th, besides the Sangero Troupe of Japs, we had Lillie McLain, serio-comic; Maud Stanley and Ned Werner, duettists; the Fontainebleaus and Ella Mayo. No announcements for 23.....On the 16th, at the Orchestrion Hall, there were five new arrivals—Fitzgerald and Ryan, Irish duettists of good ability; John and Lea Peasley, sketch artists; and the charming Annie Fox in serio-comic songs. Closing to-night are Florence Marshall, Barlow Brothers, Baby and Prof. Bindley, to East Saginaw; Claire Sisters, Cleveland; Emma Bretto, Buffalo; and the three Crawfords, destination unknown. The arrivals 23: The Seigrist Family and dogs, Adrienne Grey, Paddy Murphy and Ned West. Letter of April 21.

AN EXCELLENT VARIETY BILL was given at Ben Cotton's Novelty Theatre (the Museum), Chicago, Ill., introducing John L. F. Manning on the trapeze: John Fendy in Irish songs-and-dances; J. C. Heath and Dan Sully in bone-solos; "Little Gertie," no is charming as a change artist; Fostelle, female impersonator and burlesque actor; Leonora Bradley and Robt. Butler; C. A. Loder, Dutch song-and-dance; and Ben Cotton himself in negro delineations. Sunday evening (April 22), J. H. Rennie, stage-manager, is to take a benefit, which closes the Sunday-evening performances at this theatre, Mr. Cotton having wisely concluded to discontinue them. Next (this) week the new people are Williams and Sully, and T. J. Langdon.....At the Academy of Music, the Den Thompson Troupe have been attracting crowded houses to witness "Joshua Whitcomb."

.....At the Adelphi Theatre "The Hamilton Sisters" in a characteristic sketch were entertaining; the Parkers—Lewis and Pauline—won applause; Frank Avery and Mons. Cheren were good in gymnastic feats; Edgill and Eldridge, Albert Guyer and Miss Dollie Hamilton made up the list of variety people, followed by a ballet introducing Mlle. Lebourneur. Billed for April 23: George Thompson in his drama entitled "Yacup." Business good.....The Coliseum has given a strong bill, embracing the Milton Jaspers, gymnasts and athletes, the Stewart Sisters in their vocal sketches, the Byrons in a musical sketch; Emma Moulton, Indian-club swinger; Homer and Holly, Little Victoria, Vic Reynolds and Adrienne Gray. To arrive 23: Ehseltine Sisters, Mollie Wilson, Hugh Fay and Miss Frankie Lee.....The attractions at the Globe have been the Peak Family of Swiss Bellringers, with a good olio, and concluding with the sketch entitled "The White Statue." Letter of April 20.

W. MAZZONI, illusionist, publishes a card stating that, after an absence of several years from the profession, he is now sufficiently recovered in health to accept engagements.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., is being rapidly completed. It has the appearance of being a well-arranged and comfortable house, with a seating capacity of about 1,500. The leasees and managers, Messrs. Cogill, Cooper & Co., from long experience in the minstrel profession, will undoubtedly present as they promise, viz., a first-class variety entertainment. The opening night is fixed for April 28.....R. F. Tyrrell commenced an engagement at the Bella Union Theatre 14. Shed Le Clair, Madge Alison, and Harry and Nelly Braham are also there. Business very good.

GRANGER AND WAMBOLD and the Æolian Quartet can be engaged. This company has been organized to give their specialties in first-class variety theatres, and consists of Thomas Granger, vocalist and dancer; Ned Wambold, comedian; Frank H. White, tenor; A. Henderson, baritone; Charles Campbell, alto; and William H. Green, basso. They can give an entire first-part entertainment of two hours' duration. Address as per advertisement.

LEW BENEDICT, the well-known end-man and general negro performer, can be engaged through Col. T. Allston Brown's agency.

TONY PASTOR and company occupied Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., last week, and furnished an enjoyable performance to appreciative audiences. The bill opened with the Benjamins in an amusing sketch called "Kitchen Domestics," followed by Jeppe and Fannie Delano in "Love at First Sight;" Delehanty and Hengler as "The Rival Dandy Darkies;" Tony Pastor appeared in vocal selections, introducing stereopticon portraits of eminent men, and responded to repeated encores; Harris and Carroll in a sketch called "White and Black;" Gus Williams in Dutch character songs and sayings met with favor; Fields and Hoey gave "Music Conquered;" the Kernells in Irish songs and dances were appreciated; Clara Moore vocalized in a pleasing manner; Watson and Ellis were heartily applauded; the Austin Brothers in rifle-shooting proved a feature. The performance concluded with Gus Williams, Frank Girard, Fannie Delano and the Bennetts in a Dutch farce entitled "Dinklespiel's Blunders."

.....At the Holliday-street Theatre business has been good. The performance commenced with Sanford and Wilson in "The Tramps' Jubilee," followed by Master Dunn in jigs, Harry Kennedy in ventriloquism, the Fieldings in "Upside Down," Niles and Evans in songs-and-dances, Jennie Engle in vocalisms, Conway and Kerrigan as the Irish pipers, Cool Burgess in his specialties, Will H. Morton in stereopticon songs, George S. Knight in Teutonic songs closed the olio. The drama entitled "Little Lee" introduced Geo. R. Edson, Annie Ward Tiffany, S. K. Chester, and Annie Chester. Departures: G. B. Knight, Albany, N. Y.; Cool Burgess, to Philadelphia, Pa.: Harry Kennedy, no engagement. To appear 23: Billy Carter and Master Martin.....At the New Central Theatre business ruled fair. Carrie Avery, Crimmins Brothers, Helen Revere, Norah Ryan, William Sparks, Lynn Sisters, Walter Wray, Living Statues, and Grossi's Jockey Club Ballet comprised the leading features. Closing 21: Crimmins Brothers, to Newark, N. J.; Lynn Sisters, to Washington; Norah Ryan and William Sparks, no engagement. To open 23: Amy Sheridan, Fayette Welsh, Landis Bros., Keoskeila, Harry Moreland, Little Mabel Sandley, Lavertie Sisters, Bob Hall, and Ida Morris.....At the Odeon the newcomers were the Dalys and Eugenia Lavelle. Closing were Annie Hall, to Indianapolis; Tim Morris and Ella Heflin, to Cincinnati, O.; McVicker and Saunders, to New York. To open 23: Prof. Parker and his dogs, Harry Osborn, Fannie Wentworth, Minnie Gray and Ross and Woody.....F. D. Harris, husband of Fanny Florence, is lying very ill. Letter of April 21.

ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, was well attended last week. Ed. Nagle and Johnny Reese were the new arrivals. Johnny Reese appeared to advantage in character vocalism, and in a new sketch, "McClure vs. McKay;" but Ed. Nagle's services will be dispensed with after one night's performance of his drama "The Gold Hunters." The Levino Brothers, Alfredo, Vanetti and Emma Monticello closed 21. The new people announced for April 23 are Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins, Dan Howard, George Conway, Barney McNulty and Miss Lena Westgate.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, is giving a first-class variety entertainment, which was appreciated by excellent audiences during the week ending April 21, the fresh features being the songs-and-dances of Quilter and Goldrich, the Irish songs of Pat Rooney, juggling feats by Mons. Achilles Philion on a revolving globe, J. W. McAndrews in his "Pastimes on the Levee," Miss May Hamilton in serio-comic songs, and Prof. Hughes' optical illusions, introduced in the concluding drama of "The Dead Witness." The above-named closed on the 21st inst. The new arrivals for the 23d inst. are Cool Burgess, Jerry Cohan, Frank Lewis, Alice Bennett, Raymond and Murphy, and George France in his drama "Wide Awake."

AT THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, an almost entirely new company appeared on the 16th inst., including the Æolian Minstrels, Harry Osborne, Mons. Valentine, Tommy Granger, Ella Ellis, Nellie Forrester, Fannie Wentworth, Virginia Marshall, Frank Clayton, Lizzie Smith and J. J. Riley in "Si Salem." The season, which closes here April 28, has been successful. The Levinos, Prof. Hughes, the Gorman Brothers, Senorita Marcia and Walter Wentworth appear here during the last week of the season.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, a lengthy and capital programme attracted large audiences during the past week, the new arrivals being Charles Vincent and Georgie Morrell in their musical sketch "St. Valentine's Day," Jimmy Mack in his jig-dances, Mullelly and Rice in Irish songs-and-dances, Mons. Gorcux and Mlle. Aselina in juggling-acts, Addie Morrell in ballads, and John Bucklin in Ethiopian sketches. Mullelly and Rice closed 21. The Foy Sisters, Miss Della Sheppard, and the German Tyrolean Warblers open 23.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, an improved attendance was noticeable during the week ending April 21, the current novel attractions being Edna Markley in her pleasing vocalisms; James McKee in his clever character-song "Over the Hills to the Poor-house;" and last, but by no means least, Dr. S. M. Landis in his wonderful impersonations of Dick Shaw and Richard III. The Foy Sisters and Master Martin closed 21. Scanlon and Cronin, Prof. De Lafayette, Alf. McDowell and La Petite Florence open 23. Captain Townsend, the new doorkeeper at this theatre, will have a complimentary benefit, Harry Richmond and Bob Harrison volunteering.

AN NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the new faces on the 16th inst. were the Misses Ellen Cohen, Lillie Dayton and Ida Livingston. This place of amusement, under the management of George L. Hall, is well patronized. Helene Soanon continues to popularize the songs by Ellen Ward, Annie and Kate Claire, George W. Wray, and Tony Smith. Laura Elmer, Lulu Bond and Bella Cushing open 23.

THE NEW ADELPHI THEATRE, Philadelphia, has recently been thoroughly remodeled, renovated and refitted under the direction of J. C. Stewart, the sole lessee. Senorita Vellefere, Miss Carrie Boshell and the Rixford Brothers were the new people on the 16th. E. T. Stetson appears on the 23d inst. in "The Boss, or Living for Vengeance."

FROM TORONTO, Ont., our correspondent writes under date of April 21 that the Queen's Theatre will open for a Summer season April 23, John P. Long of Detroit being proprietor, Ned Campbell stage-manager, and the following the company: Flora Moore, Ida Dearin, Ella Heflin, John and Lottie Benton, Nell Smith and dogs, Ferguson and Flynn, Tim Morris and James Woodville.

THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, has reopened for a Summer season. The following constitutes the company: Clara Belmont, Rosa Howard, Ida Carlisle, La Belle Maude, Lillian Howard, Barry Maxwell, Collins and Moore, and Dan Sprague. Business has been light.

CENTENNIAL THEATRE, Fort Worth, Texas, commences a Summer season April 23 with the following company: Walter Leroy, comedian; Louise Stetson and Emma Heath, dancers; Ada Clifford, serio-comic vocalist; Gordon and Lamond, song-and-dance artists; Mollie Le Roy, balladist; Geo. M. Fillmore, pantomimist; leader of orchestra, Alf. V. Garies. Performers are advertised for.

THE HARLAND BROTHERS, whose address find in another column, want a lady to do light and heavy trapeze business.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for lady specialty artists, and offer engagements to parties desiring to travel with dramatic companies.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., the entertainment opened the past week with a laughable local sketch called "On a Lark," followed by the usual olio, introducing Healey and Ella Saunders, clog-dancers; Miss Emma Hoffman, songstress; Jerome and Cameron, eccentric songs-and-dances; the D'Arve Sisters in a musical act; and Billy Carter and Chas. Diamond in amusing specialties, the whole concluding with the burlesque of "The Naiad Queen," with Dollie Bidwell, Jennie Hughes, Nellie Brooks, and Miss Decker, Howard, and Stanton in the cast, and some good dancing by Miles. Corssi. Farrand, Bennett, Young, and Eastman. For next (this) week "The Swiss Cottage," "Milliners on a Lark," Sam Dearin, C. H. Atkinson, J. W. McAndrews, Williams and McCarty, and Blanche Selwyn, Business large.

.....At the Howard Athenæum, the show has opened with "Larks," with Misses Clara Maeder, Alice Wyndham, Marie Bates, and Messrs. L. J. Mestayer, Cyril Searle, Theo. Hamilton, Jas. Vincent and N. D. Jones in the cast. It proved quite funny, and will be continued another week, with the substitution of T. H. Burns for Cyril Searle. In the olio appeared Jennie Morgan, Emerson and Clark, Samuel Holdsworth, Reynolds and Walling, and J. S. Maffit. Billed for 23: John Wild, Kelly and Ryan, Annette Bros., the Haleys, the Richmond Sisters, James Maas and Gussie Crayton, and the Orpheus Quartet. Letter of April 21.

LITTLE MAC, Lizzie Mulvey, the Continental Four, and Lizzie Barrett were the new candidates for popular favor at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., April 16. Little Mac did an encore and "Bank the Eccentric," and later as Jimmy Lush, assisted by Geo. W. Herman as Pete the Bouncer, gave one of the funniest acts ever seen upon this stage. Lizzie Mulvey's songs-and-dances were neatly done. The Continental Four made many friends in their songs-and-dances, and Lizzie Barrett pleased in serio-comic songs. The benefit tendered Manager Williams 18 was largely attended. Besides the regular company, the following amateurs appeared: Morris Brothers, song-and-dance; Morella Brothers, gymnasts; and Reels and West, song-and-dance. The contestants for the silver belt, for the best amateur clog-dancer, were John Farrell, Wm. Farrell, Mike Dougherty, Eugene Kennedy, and John Sadler. It was won by John Farrell. The gold medal for jig-dancing between Oscar Lindsay and John Farrell was won by Farrell. Closing 21: Little Mac, to Baltimore, and Kelly and Ryan, to Boston. Commencing 23: Matt Morgan's Tableau Troupe, D. L. Morris, George Carlyle and Son, and Clara Sidelle.....The Fourth-avenue Theatre was opened 16 by Wm. Lawrence Allen with a Living Art Statue Troupe and several specialty artists. Frank George's Irish songs and witticisms were applauded; Miss Alice Allen made a good impression in serio-comic songs; Ada Stanwood's ballad-singing was good; Gilmore and Gibson are of about the average class of song-and-dance performers: Rose Dumont's vocal efforts were fair. Closing 21: Rose Dumont, destination unknown. Commencing 23: The Cooper Brothers, Wm. Laiscelle and Chas. Barrett. Letter of April 21.

THE NEW ATTRACTIONS at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., April 21 were Conroy and Daly, Irish sketches; Harry Cavella and Mlle. Octavia, Dutch musical sketches; Gus Foster, Imogene Schofield and Fanny Herring, supported by the entire company, in "Jack Sheppard." Closures 21: John H. Carle, to Hartford, Ct.; Conroy and Daly, to Brooklyn; Harry and Clara Fielding and the Devere Sisters, to the College of Music, Cincinnati, O. Grant and Joe Marshall, to Paterson; and Gus Foster, idle. Announced for 23: The Crimmins Brothers, Wm. M. Paul, Mlle. Devere, Marquitta Phillips and Mr. Hunter. Biz fine.....At the Metropolitan the new arrivals were Ide Burt, Hurley and Mart, and James and Katie Edwards, and the Rollin Howard Burlesque Company, comprising Rollin Howard, Marie Sherman, Blanche Clifton, and Edward Heeney, in "Yeast Lynne." Departures 21: Alf. McDowell, to Philadelphia; and Ida Burt, destination unknown. Billed for 23: Jennie Morgan, Sharpley Brothers, Kate Breevoort, and Charley Burnham, the latter assuming his old position of stage-manager. Business good.....Tony Pastor and Company are billed to show at the Opera-house 25. Advices of April 21.

JOHNNY ALLEN, whose specialties were received with marks of favor; Maurice Lapoint (Allen Jr.), a juvenile ballad-singer of worth; Clara Sidelle, whose male impersonations were rather weak; the Whitmans, whose excellent Tyrolean songs were received with pleasure; and Ida Idalie, who made her reappearance as a premiere in the ballet, constituted the fresh arrivals at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., April 15, where business has been good. Capt. A. H. Bogardus appeared 16 in his glass-ball shooting specialty, and repeats the same 21. Clara Sidelle and W. J. Mills close 21. To open 22: Connors and Kelly, Scott and Ward, the Miltons, Hilda Thomas, and Edna Orr.....Looney's Varieties is closed.....No programmes at the Winter Garden and the Tivoli, and it is impossible to tell who the performers are. Letter of April 21.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fair business during the expired week. The fresh appearances were Rickey and McCarthy in the Irish sketch of "Casey the Piper," Miss Rosa Lee in select vocalisms, E. G. Allen's ball-dance, Frank Jones in the drama "The Black Hand," and Josephine West, actress. Frank Jones was the only departure April 21. Louis Edwards is announced to appear 23.....At the Avenue Theatre the new features of the past week were Fayette Welch in musical and comical specialties, May Langdon in statue representations, Susie Warren in sensational songs, and Miss Lee Armand, actress. Departures 21 were Fayette Welch and Annie Harrison. The announcements for 23 are Goldie, Steel, and Sallie St. Clair. Letter of April 22.

MRS. MARY GORMAN, wife of James Gorman of the three Gorman Brothers, died of hasty consumption, after five months' illness, in New York city, April 17, aged 25 years.

THE BOYLSTON STAR TROUPE is to give entertainments in Clinton Mass., April 25; Milford May 1, Marlboro 2, Fitchburg 3, Worcester 4, Natick 5.

TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE is very favorably noticed by *The Baltimore Sun*. See extract in advertisement.

THE VICTORELLIS and Annie Braddon will commence a four weeks' engagement in Chicago, Ill., on May 6.

THE RICHMOND SISTERS—Josie and Lulu—song and-dance artists, commence an engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., April 23.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed to good business in Hartford, Ct., April 16, Waterbury 17, Norwalk 18, Bridgeport 19, Danbury 20, New Haven 21.

HAVERLY'S NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS performed in Alton, Ill., April 20, and are billed to visit Vernon, Ind., 25, New Albany 29.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Owasso, Mich., April 23, Saginaw 24, St. Louis (Mich.) 25, Flint 26, Holly 27.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD & BACKUS' San Francisco Minstrels will possibly perform for a brief season this Summer in the California Theatre, San Francisco.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, under the management of H. J. Clapham, performed in St. Joseph, Mo., April 16, Lincoln, Neb., 17, Omaha 18, Desmoines, Ia., 19, Davenport 20, Rock Island 21, and are billed in Dubuque 23, Lacrosse, Wis., 24, Minneapolis, Minn., 25, St. Paul 26, Eau Claire, Wis., 27, Milwaukee 28, and St. Louis May 1, one week.

MADAME RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., April 23, Hudson 24, Albany 25, Troy 26, Saratoga 27, Shenendoah 28, Gloversville 30, Utica May 1, Syracuse 2, Oswego 3, Auburn 4, and Ithaca 5.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS were in Grand Rapids, Mich., 21. They go to Jackson, 23, thence into Ohio, opening in Detroit, Mich., May 1, 2, 3. B. B. Hodges is ahead.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS gave performances in Public Library Hall, Louisville, Ky., April 16, 17, 18, and our correspondent says "the house was nightly crowded to its full capacity."

KELLY & LEON telegraphed to THE CLIPPER from Lafayette, Ind., under date of April 23, as follows: "Lew Benedict was discharged last Saturday night for trying to engage our people. Wm. Courtright now occupies his chair."

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS were in Wheeling, W. Va., April 19, Cumberland, Md., 20, Frederick 21, and will exhibit in Washington, D. C., one week, commencing 23; Baltimore 30, for a like period.

WITH SWEATNAM & FRASER'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, benefits are now in order, Billy Sweatnam's, on the 19th inst., and Wm. Garsed's, the treasurer, on the 20th, being numerously attended. Charley Reynolds, on the 23d, and Fred Walz, on the 27th, will appeal for the patronage of their friends.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS continued to draw good houses at Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., giving a first-class entertainment the past week. This week will be their last there.

BILLY RICE'S MINSTRELS appeared to good houses at the New Chicago (Ill.) Theatre the past week.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS are to show in Providence, R. I., April 24, 25, Newport 26, Fall River, Mass., 27, Salem 28.

CIRCUSES.

The Great Oriental Pavilion Show.

THE PROPRIETORS and officers are as follow: Proprietors, D. Cornwell and J. S. Townley; manager, J. B. Townley; treasurer, D. Cornwell; ticket-seller, William Willis; general agent, W. Runnion; contracting agent, C. A. Miller; master of canvas, J. Linsley; master of properties, M. Lord; master of arena, L. De Verne; master of transportation, George Jackson; master of stables, C. King; leader of band, H. Freis.

CLOWNS.—Os. Arbuckle and William Corbett.

COMPANY.—The Henricos, three in number, in trapeze and horizontal bar; Leoni Brothers in brother act; Mme. Vellefere in feats of strength; B. Smith, cannon-balls; D. Lawrence, contortionist, who also pulls against horses; Mme. De Ville, juggler; R. C. Franz, high-skill performer; J. Sturges, German comique; J. T. Mack, banjo and negro acts; Williams and Rice, song-and-dance and sketch artists; Miss Maud St. Clair, serio-comic vocalist; Miss M. Lawrence, song-and-dance and clog.

OUTSIDE FEATURE.—Madame Vellefere, in slide for life on single wire from centre-pole to ground.

WAGONS—Gaily painted and decorated in vermilion and gold. The show starts May 1 from Washington, D. C., and travels by wagon, visiting Maryland, Pennsylvania and the West.

John H. Murray's Great Circus.

THE PROPRIETOR and officers are as follow: John H. Murray, sole proprietor; M. Coyle, general agent; C. A. Potter, assistant agent.

CLOWNS.—"Nirtsalid," Tom Barry and Signor Cassim.

THE COMPANY will consist of Annie Carroll, bareback rider; William Odell, trick and somersault rider; C. H. Lowe, hurdle-rider; the Morasco Family, acrobats, four in number; B. W. Carroll, two and four horse rider; King Sarbro, tight-rope performer.

THE FEATURES of the show will be Mr. Murray's troupe of educated stallions, a full ballet pantomime in the afternoon, and the dramatic spectacle of "King George and the Dragon" in the evening, a troupe of Arab tumblers and leapers.

They will commence their regular season in this city April 30, and will make their first stand out of New York in Providence, R. I., shipping direct to that point.

THE FOLLOWING CARD from Adam Forepaugh to Cooper, Bailey & Co. explains itself:

I, Adam Forepaugh, do hereby declare and say that the references to Cooper, Bailey & Co.'s International Circus and Menagerie, in a paper published by me, as well as the bills posted, are libelous and untrue; that the said publications, so far as referring to Cooper, Bailey & Co., were made by my agent, without my knowledge or approval.

I regret that any charge has been made against them or their show, as they are gentlemen incapable of fraud or deception; that as soon as the said publications were called to my attention I directed them to be suppressed, and I hereby promise and agree that no further publication containing the same or similar charges shall be made. ADAM FORKPAUGH.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENN.
CITY AND CO. OF PHILA.

On this twelfth day of April, A. D. 1877, before me, the undersigned, a notary public for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, residing in the city of Philadelphia, personally appeared Adam Forepaugh, and in due form of law acknowledged the above writing to be his act and deed.

Witness my hand and official seal this date aforesaid.
[Seal.] WM. J. CROWELL, Notary Public.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS opened their season in Armenia, N. Y., April 19, and were in Falls Village, Ct., 20, Woolcottville 21. They are billed in New Britain 23, Waterbury 24, Meriden 25, Lockville 26, Colchester 27, New London 28, Norwich 30, Willimantic May 1. Danielsonville 2, Webster, Mass., 3.

MLLE. JEANNETTE BERDAU has been engaged by Thayer & Noyes for their circus company.

JOHN H. MURRAY has re-engaged C. A. Potter for his assistant agent this season, which will be Mr. Potter's fifth with this circus.

JOHN O'BRIEN'S SIX SHOWS consolidated inaugurated the season at Chester, Pa., April 16, and exhibited in Wilmington 17, Smyrna 18, Dover 19, Milford 20, Georgetown 21. Route: Berlin, Md., 23, Snow Hill 24, Newtown 25, Princess Anne 26, Salisbury 27, Seaford, Del., 28, Easton, Md., 30, Centreville May 1, Chestertown 2, Newark, Del., 3, Middletown 4, thence into New Jersey and to New England.

ALL PARTIES engaged for the coming season with the Great Australian Circus are requested to report at Mt. Clemens, Mich., May 9. A male equestrian with horses is wanted, and W. H. Dwyer also advertises that all the privileges are rented except sideshow.

P. T. BARNUM'S Show is to exhibit in Danbury, Ct., May 7, Bridgeport 8, New Haven 9, 10, Waterbury 11, Hartford 12.

SIDESHOW PROPERTY, including canvases and everything necessary to put a show on the road, is offered for sale by W. J. Meichsar, who publishes further particulars in our business department.

LEW QUILLIN, clown, goes with the Great Australian Circus this season.

MASTER JAMES THORPE can be engaged for horizontal-bar business and as a tumbler. See card.

ADOLPHE BERNABO, wife and child leave New York April 28 to join a company in Italy.

WINGFIELD AND GREGORY, horizontal-bar performers, trapezists, entree-riders, etc., advertise for an engagement.

A LADY PARTNER for l'echelle and to learn tight-rope is wanted by the Searles Brothers, whose address find elsewhere.

A LADY PARTNER for double-trapeze is advertised for by "Trapeze."

PROF. NEIL SMITH and dogs are engaged with the Great Australian Circus, of which A. A. Beckett is to be assistant-manager. W. H. Dwyer, the general manager, writes us that "the reason David Castello is not a member of the company is that he made an engagement through his agent, H. A. Lush, and wrote for contracts. I sent them for him to sign, but he then said he did not want the engagement. I had already billed him."

THE LICENSE FEE for circuses in Paterson, N. J., is $200 per day.

DAN RICE'S SHOW was in Cairo, Ill., April 16, 17. They travel in a steamboat called the Damsel, and were to have left 18, but the engine broke a shaft.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited in Washington, D. C., April 21 to an immense crowd. The street pageant was large, imposing and exceedingly attractive. The ring performance was equal if not superior to any that has been witnessed in that city for years. Owing to a railway accident, the show did not arrive from Richmond in time to give an afternoon performance. Billed in Baldmore, Md., 23, 24, Newark, N. J., May 1, 2, Paterson 3.

FOREPAUGH'S BIG SHOW arrived in Washington, D. C., from the South, April 22, and is to exhibit there 23, 24, 25, Baltimore, Md., 26, 27, 28.

THE SIDESHOW, candy-stand and phrenologist's privileges with the Great Oriental Pavilion Show are advertised for sale.

JOHN VELLETTEE, juggler, hat and plate spinner, advertises for an engagement.

WM. D. CURTIS' CIRCUS exhibited in Chicago, Ill., the past week, and left there for St. Louis, Mo.

JEANETTE BUDELL, equestrian, and Henry Burdeau, clown, advertise for engagements.

A TREASURER is wanted for a circus about to start. See M. L. P.'s card.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JACOB LATZ & SON still conduct the Genesee House, Buffalo, N. Y. They state in their card elsewhere that they have added new and attractive features to their house for the accomodation of the profession.

TAYLOR OPERA-HOUSE, Trenton, N. J., can be secured by applying to John Taylor, proprietor, as per card, in which the rental and other particulars are given.

A FILE OF THE CLIPPER from 1872 is offered for sale by M. W. Davis, who advertises.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for Dr. Hoffman's Balloon Show. The exhibition is now reorganizing at Canfield, O., and is to start on the road May 5. Annie Jones and Aggie Zolutie are requested to write as per card.

WOOD'S MUSEUM, Chicago, Ill., can be rented or secured on sharing terms from May 21 to Aug. 20. For terms, etc., address Ben Cotton, as per card.

LIBRARY HALL, Pittsburg, Pa., can be rented by the night or week from the middle of May until Sept. 1. Address Elsler & Canning, proprietors.

A LOT OF CALCIUM-LIGHT APPARATUS and a cyclopticon are offered for sale by W. Harmar, who advertises.

THEATRICAL COPYING is done by G. L. See card.

A BABY SHOW was given at Mozart and Greenwood Halls, Cincinnati, April 19, 20, 21, with only tolerable success.

A COLORED BABY SHOW was given at Thoms' Hall, Cincinnati, April 20, 21.

A. O. VAN LENNEP gave exhibitions of Oriental Life April 20, 21, at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati.

AT THE CRAWFORD HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., professional people can secure good board at reduced rates. See card.

CLINTON HOUSE, Hartford, Ct., is centrally located, and has recently been newly furnished. Special rates are offered to the profession. See advertisement.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is to lecture in Louisville, Ky., April 30, and in Cincinnati May 1. "ELI PERKINS" lectures in Middletown, Pa., April 24, New Sharon, Iowa, 28, Georgetown, Colorado, May 4, Denver 5, and San Francisco May 14. Rev. Tandem Stallion Team goes to England, where he has twenty nights in July and August.

MRS. BORST'S BOARDING-HOUSE is brought to the notice of professionals in her card elsewhere.

L. M. W. STEERE, advance-agent, can be arranged with for the Summer or Fall season through Col. T. Allston Brown, as per card.

A STOPPING-PLACE for professional guests at 3 East Houston street, this city, is advertised in another column.

MISS H. K. MURDOCH gave readings at the Amateur Drawing-room, Philadelphia, on the 17th inst.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, Joaquin Miller lectured on the 16th inst. on "Literary London," and James T. Fields lectured on "Fiction and its Eminent Authors" on the 19th inst.

"CHALK LEVEL" gave a lecture on "Bohemia" April 18 at the Amateur Drawing-room, Philadelphia.

THE COLISEUM, Philadelphia, remains open for one week longer, Prof. Logrenia and the Cyclorama of "Paris by Night" closing on the 28th inst.

J. H. MILLER & Co., billposters, Newark, O., insert their card in our business department.

R. J. MCANDLIS, proprietor of the Robinson House, Pittsburg, Pa., advertises special rates to the profession. Mr. McAndlis has also leased the Academy of Music, that city, which can be rented by first-class combinations at low rates.

BRISTOW'S CITY HALL, Mount Sterling, Ky., is now ready for occupancy. It will seat six hundred. Address Hugh Bristow, proprietor.

MADAME TOY, dwarf, is to be at 26 Middletown, Ct., April 23, Meriden 25, Rockville 26, 27, 28, Westfield, Mass., 30, May 1, 2, thence to Lowell, Mass.

INSTRUCTION on the trapeze can be obtained at Ripley's advertised address.

A PARTNER or treasurer is wanted for a hall show. See Solon Cushing's card.

COMBINATIONS desiring to play in New York City can secure dates at Tony Pastor's Theatre by applying to Mr. Pastor, as per card. Time is filled to May 21.

STARS, COMBINATIONS, etc., can secure dates at the Chestnut street Theatre Philadelphia, Pa., during the Summer by addressing W. H. Daly or H. M. Kister, as per card.

THE LILLIPUTIAN MIDGETS Gen. Mite and Senorita Lucia Zarate begin an indefinite season in Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., April 23.

SNAKES of various sizes, monkies, birds, etc., can be obtained at P. Mooney & Co.'s advertised address.

AMATEUR.

AT FARNHAM, Vt., April 18, the Reading Club gave "Dombey & Son" and the farce of "The Boston Dip," the object being to found a library for the use of the club.

MISS AMY E. HUNT, daughter of Col. C. B. Hunt, proprietor of Hunt's European Hotel, Cincinnati, died on board the steamer Thomas Sherlock, near Memphis, Tenn., April 14, of consumption. The burial took place in Cincinnati on the 19th, among the pallbearers being four members of the Clio Dramatic Association, to which the lady had belonged.

MR. DAVENPORT CLUB of Cincinnati performed "My Walking Photograph" and "£100,000" at Robinson's Opera-house April 19. They close their season 26 with "The Willow Copse."

The Cincinnati Shakespeare Club closes its season 24 with "School."

"QUIRKALOO" was performed by the Wheatley Dramatic Association of Philadelphia on the 18th inst., H. F. Clayton, the stage-manager, appearing in the title-role and giving an intelligent and able conception thereof, by which he advanced yet another step in the favor and good opinion of the Wheatley's patrons. Miss Gussie Rogers was a good exponent of the character of Desdemona.....The Boucicault Dramatic Association presented "Meg's Diversion" and "Who Speaks First?" on the 16th inst.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, Edinburgh, Scotland, was totally consumed by fire on Tuesday, April 2. The fire, which is supposed to have started on the stage, was discovered shortly after 11.30 P. M., spread rapidly, and very soon the entire building was swathed in flames, the roof of the auditorium falling in before half-past twelve. The danger to surrounding property was thereby averted, and the firemen soon had the flames under subjection. There had been no performance in the theatre since March 24, subsequently to which period large quantities of scenery had been removed from the building, which was insured for £8,000. The theatre was erected in 1875, on the site of the somewhat primitive wooden structure which had also fallen a prey to the fiery element, and was opened Dec. 13 of that year by the late Mr. Levy, the opera of "La Sonnambula" being given by the Italian-opera Company from Coventgarden, London. It was built to accommodate 2,500 persons, and was 40 feet in length from wall to wall, 79 feet in width, the stage being 75 feet wide, 43 feet deep, and 40 feet high. The lessees, Messrs. Howard & Logan, held a lease for ten years from July last, at £1,000 per annum.

"THE TWO MOTHERS," an English version of "L'Affaire Coverley," was produced at the Duke's Theatre, London, March 31. The drama is in five acts and six tableaux, and is the joint production of Messrs. Child and Mayer.

"OXYGEN, OR GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE," Robert Reece and H. B. Farnie's new burlesque, which is taken from Jules Verne and Offenbach's "Docteur Ox," was the Eastertide novelty at the Folly Theatre, London. In the hands of Misses Lydia Thompson, Marie Williams, Ella Chapman, Violet Cameron, Harriet Coveney, Emily Duncan, Rosie Lowe and Merville, Lionel Brough, Willie Edouin, and Philip Day, the "fanciful extravaganza" was well received.

"TOM AND JERRY, OR LIFE IN LONDON," was the Easter attraction at the Surrey, with H. C. Sidney as Tom and Harry Taylor as Jerry.

MRS. MARIA ANNE LOVELL, authoress of "Ingomar," and the wife of G. W. Lovell, author of "The Provost of Bruges" and "The Wife's Secret," died April 2 at Hampstead, Eng. Deceased was born July 16, 1808, and in her twentieth year became a tragic actress of considerable repute. Under her maiden name, Miss Lacy, she made her debut at Covent-garden, in London, in October, 1822, as Belvidera in "Venice Preserved," and for some years occupied a prominent position before the public, retiring some forty years ago.

WILLIAM CHANNING, scenic-artist, died at Leith, Scotland, March 31.

F. C. BURNAND is responsible for a new burlesque on an old legend, produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, April 2. It is called "Our Babes in the Wood, or the Orphans Released," and is said to be noticeable chiefly for the extravagance of its jokes, the inanity of its "business," the brightness of its music, the picturesqueness of its dresses, and the energy with which the artists engaged work to hide the shortcomings of the author in providing fun.

CHARLES MATHEWS appeared at the Opera Comique, London, during Easter-week, in "My Awful Dad." The comedy was followed by "Soldiers," a new title for the drama of "An Old Man," originally presented at the Duke's Theatre in March, 1876.

THE WIFE of John S. Chamberlain (the Conn of Boucicault's original English "Shaughraun" Company) presented her husband with a daughter at Liverpool, Eng., March 31.

LONDON, ENG., MANAGERS were liberal in providing amusement for their patrons at Eastertide. The new pieces produced are noticed at length on an outside page of THE CLIPPER. Business throughout the week was reported very good.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who reappeared at the Princess' Theatre, London, Eng., April 2, for a short season, will commence an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre in June, under the management of J. S. Clarke.

WM. CR

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE NEW YORK
CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTHER USEFUL INFORMATION.

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NEIL BURGESS.....MANAGER
VARIETY ARTISTS WANTED
AT ALL TIMES. 4-13t

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THE THEATRE COMIQUE,
ESTABLISHED IN 1865,
CLEVELAND, O.
THE VERY BEST PAYING INSTITUTION IN AMERICA.
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SIG. F. ARRIGONI,
ITALIAN SCENIC-ARTIST,
having finished his engagement at the Academy of Music, New York, for the Italian opera "Don Carlos," is now ready to negotiate with first-class theatres for DROP-CURTAINS, SCENERY, Etc. Sig. Arrigoni has references from first-class theatres in Australia, California, Peru, Chili, and many of the States. Letters to be addressed to MARRETTI, 150 East Fourteenth street, New York. For interview, Col. T. A. Brown, Dramatic Agent. 4-3t*

OPERA-HOUSE,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.,
CANADA,
TO LET BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK.
This new and beautiful Theatre is now completed and fitted up in the most elegant style. Full stock of scenery and stage equipments. Seating capacity, 1,000; size of stage, 50x30. N. B.—Belleville is situated halfway between Toronto and Montreal, on Grand Trunk Railway, and is well known among traveling companies as a first-class show-town. For terms and particulars address
1-12t* GEO. E. J. HANWELL, Lessee and Manager.

NEW CITY OPERA-HOUSE,
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A BEAUTIFUL THEATRE,
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Seated with 600 Booth's plush folding opera-chairs; very large doors, opening outward from hall. The house is well filled with 300 gas-lets, and heated with steam; has proscenium boxes, and is elegantly frescoed; large water-tank over auditorium, and hose on stage, securing ample protection against fire. The stage, which is exceptionally complete, is 56 feet wide and 40 feet deep; height from stage to "gridiron" sufficient to allow the drop-curtain to draw up without rolling. There are ten entire changes of scenery, beautifully and correctly painted by Messrs. Tryon and Graham, from McVicker's Theatre, Chicago.
RENT OF HOUSE,
$25 PER NIGHT,
including license. For information apply to
JESSE SHILLING, Agent,
4-3t* Troy, Miami Co., Ohio.

PARK OPERA-HOUSE,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
OPENED BY THE HOLMANS.
Pronounced by the citizens and the local press to be the only safe house in Syracuse. The only regularly built theatre, and is not on the sky-floor. No more monopoly. Good sharing terms to first-class combinations in Syracuse, and over the Central New York Circuit.
S. M. HICKEY, Manager, Box 165, Syracuse.
PHILIP H. LEHNEN, Treasurer. 4-13t

MITCHELL HALL,
KENDALLVILLE, IND.,
has just been remodeled. Proscenium handsomely frescoed. Stage, 60x30 feet. Opening in proscenium, 20 feet. Has drop and act curtains, and six complete changes of scenery, beautifully painted by the Chicago artists Messrs. TRYON AND GRAHAM. Kendallville is a good town, on Air-line Division of Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad and will support a good show for three or four nights. For dates, terms, etc. apply to proprietor,
JOHN MITCHELL,
4-13 First National Bank, Kendallville, Md;

J. C. ROBINSON,
VIOLIN AND ALTO PLAYER, IS AT LIBERTY. Terms to suit the times, but must be sure. Address
4-2t* SALEM, N. J.

CENTENNIAL THEATRE,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS.
JOSEPH LOWE.....Proprietor
GEO. M. FILLMORE.....Manager
A few first-class lady performers wanted immediately. A good season's engagement given to a first class negro comedian who will work for a reasonable salary—one that works for money, not whiskey. All letters answered. 13-13t

TO MANAGERS
AND AGENTS
VISITING PEORIA, ILL.
MARTIN KAUFMAN, the old and reliable Billposter, is the only one who owns and controls all the best boards, and can bill any company in a satisfactory manner. Having employed him for the past ten years, I cheerfully recommend him to all.
D. B. HODGES,
3-13t Manager Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels.

$75—FOR SALE—
A HIGHLY SENSATIONAL DRAMA,
in four acts, with immense part for lady or gentleman star. Will be sold for the small sum of Seventy-five Dollars cash, if applied for within a week. Address
MME. R. NEUVILLE,
3-3t Box 157, East New York, L. I.

DRAMAS, ACTS, SKETCHES,
SONGS, STUMP-SPEECHES, GAGS, JOKES, FARCES, BURLESQUES, DIALOGUES, and VARIETY and MINSTREL novelties written to order by I. DAVEAU, 116 South First street, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. 2-2t*tf

INFORMATION WANTED
OF T. F. HALLIGAN.
Last heard from at New Orleans in Feb., 1876. Was sent a letter by his mother, and never was heard from since. Any information as to whether he is dead or alive will be thankfully received by his mother, ELLEN HALLIGAN, 3-tf* Corner 5th and Papin streets, Carondolet, Mo.

WANTED,
OPERA-HOUSE CHAIRS.
Proposals will be received for about 1,600 chairs, made of iron, with wooden seats and backs, to be delivered on or before Aug. 1, 1877. Plans and description of chairs must be sent with proposal to J. N. GOTTHOLD,
3-3t* Opera-house, Pittsburg, Pa.

WHITE HOUSE VARIETIES,
72 Fifth avenue, PITTSBURG, PA. LAWRENCE SPROAL, proprietor. Wanted—First-class artists in all branches, ladies especially. SALARY SURE. 1-7t*

TO GYMNASTS.
C. H. HAWKINS, No. 118 East 13th street, New York, maker of Gymnastic Aparatus, Horizontal Bars, Steel Centre; Dancing Barrels, Leaping Boards and Bars, etc., etc. Send stamp for circular. 1-8t*

LELAND OPERA-HOUSE,
ALBANY,
will rent or play on sharing terms during the months of May, June, July and August. Address
J. W. ALBAUGH,
Stock engagements filled for season of '77 and '78. 1-12t*

MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—
Fine assortment of tricks for stage or parlor; also jugglers' balls, knives, etc. All goods well finished. Send 15c. for illustrated catalogue, or 3c. for price-list. THOS. W. WOLF, No. 35 North Ninth st., Philadelphia, Pa. 1-6t*

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OPERA-HOUSE. R. E. STANTON, Proprietor.
H. H. SCRIBNER, Agent.
Terms, $35 per night, includes Ushers, Stage-hands, Janitor, Light and Heating. 1-7t*

TO AMATEURS.—WIGS, BEARDS, moustaches, colored fires, tableau lights, magnesium lights, burnt cork, clown white, Indian red, rouge, blank lightning, flash-torches, and every requisite for exhibitions at lowest prices. Send stamp for price-list to JAS. F. CROSBY, 8 Lafayette place, New York. 1-8t*

NEW THEATRE IN BRIDGEPORT, CT. HAWES' OPERA-HOUSE.
Erection began last August. Will be ready to book all first-class entertainments after April 20. On ground floor. Seated with 1,150 opera-chairs. For full particulars, rent, sharing terms, etc., address JOHN N. NEAR, Business-manager. 1-11t*

MASONIC OPERA-HOUSE,
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.
Seating capacity, 500. A full set of scenery, drop-curtain, footlights, etc. Ample dressing rooms. Population, 6,000. Terms reasonable. Address G. A. CULVER,
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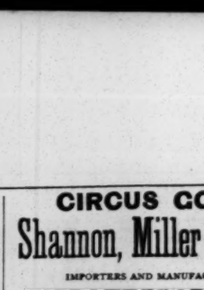

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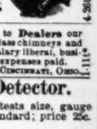
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